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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NORTHERN WOMEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY SARA J. RUMSEY.

We sit at ease in our Northern homes,
Mother, daughter, sister, or wife,
And by the light of the evening lamp
Recount the toils of the soldier's life.

We sit at ease in our Northern homes,
Whose calm, monotonous life rolls on
With peace, and quiet, and daily care,
The same round as in years ago.

Not a sight or a sound of strife
Breaks on the peaceful stillness here,
But the most, ay, all of our daily life
Is the hour when tidings of war are near.

And we read of the deadly ambush here—
Of sentinel killed by a midnight blow—
Of treacherous flags that lured brave men
To meet their death from a crafty foe.

Great Heav'n! must we sit idly here,
Even while the glow in each heart flares
higher,
And every drop of the bounding tide
Scarches its way like molten fire?

Our sex—our weakness are all forgotten—
We only feel that our souls are strong
For any deed in our country's need
That can to a patriot's arm belong.

And there is nothing that can do,
But learn that lesson most hard of fate—
To quench each thrill of indignant wrong,
And trembling ardor, and only—wait?

Pray! Ah, yes, but on yonder field
Our friends, our brothers, weltering lie,
And—God forgive me—the words leap forth
Hoarse and loud as a battle-cry.

Oh! for a soldier's life, to be
Up and doing at duty's call,—
A glorious life for those who live,
A glorious death for those who fall.

Painted Post, N. Y.

A HEART STRUGGLE.

(CONCLUDED.)

Not far from the Manse at Ivibaugh was a small plantation of fir-trees, adjoining a long lane, where my father would now and then walk in the evening. The whole extent of the lane was distinctly visible from the shadow of the Manse. It was thickly wood with straggling furze-bushes, and, save for a close vicinity to the Manse, its situation was lonely in the extreme.

One evening, little less than a month after that dreadful scene between the two gentlemen, papa, as he was often wont to do, rolled out for a walk. It was a very dark evening, but the stars were out; the wind as high and keen. My father had a habit of taking his exercise in the dark, when there were no eyes to observe him; and as mamma, her timid way, had begged him to alter the direction of his usual walk, he persisted, in an obstinate way, and out of bravado, in disregarding her advice. I myself, being naturally timid, would have preferred his choosing path where he would be less likely to come in collision with the minister; and on the particular evening I allude to he stayed out

so long that I felt nervous, and determined to follow him.

It was nine o'clock, and papa had been away more than two hours. So I dressed myself and walked out.

The lane and the plantation had been christened by one name—the Devil's Haugh; and they had a bad reputation on account of certain crimes said to have been committed in the neighborhood long years before. Tradition threw a cloud over them.

The wind blew in my face, and plucked at me, and dragged me this way and that; but my state of mind had grown to be such that external sights and sounds had little effect on me. I walked along, in the direction of the Devil's Haugh, in the teeth of the wind, half enjoying the noise in the air, half saddened by the cold pitiless light of the stars. When I gained the nearer end of the lane, I looked towards the Manse. There were no lights visible in the windows; all were feebly reflecting the sheeny light of heaven. Far down the lane, which was about a quarter of a mile long, I caught sight of a man's figure, which I immediately concluded to be that of papa. Scarcely knowing which course to adopt, but urged on by some irrepressible instinct, I followed, keeping him still at a distance. He passed round the curve, and I lost sight of him. Walking on, I reached the curve, where the furze-bushes were thickest, and, looking forward, I saw him sitting on the low stone-wall of the plantation. It was papa. A moment afterwards I became conscious of another dark figure, which moved behind among the trees. Before I could draw a breath, the figure had advanced, stolen suddenly behind papa, grasped him round the throat, and dragged him backwards. They fell together, and then arose struggling. I was too frightened to speak. Something glinted and fell; there was a loud cry for help, and the two rolled over and over on the rough rooted ground. There was a horrid pause of a few seconds. Then one of the dark figures rose, looking wildly around as in fear. It stooped again, as if to look into the fallen man's face. I could not move from the spot; my voice failed me, my heart seemed to die out. I crouched behind the bushes, peering wildly, in a fascinated horror, through the prickly branches. Again the figure rose, and stepped over the stone-wall into the lane. Here the light of the stars fell full upon it; and in the pale glamor I recognized a dress I knew full well—the hat and cloak of the minister, my lover. My blood froze to ice, my pulses clenched, as the figure crept off through the darkness in the direction of the Manse. It was the Rev. Mr. Macbraith.

Heaven for a few moments gave me supernatural strength. I followed the figure with my eye. Assurance was rendered doubly sure—it was indeed my lover. The horrible despair of that moment gave me courage. I walked towards the plantation, and stepped over the stone-wall. All was dark. My foot stepped on some soft liquid pool, which I knew by instinct was blood. The next moment I almost tripped over the body. The stars shone in through an opening in the trees, and, stooping down, I recognized my father's face. Oh, horrible! The throat was cut from ear to ear, and in the struggle several gashes had been inflicted about the body and on the hands. I screamed now, but my voice had lost its power. Then I stooped down, and strove to lift the body, and drag it to the lane. The weight was beyond my strength. Again I screamed, but the wind drowned my voice. I reflected, too, that the wind might bring back the murderer, who would soon make short work of the only witness to his crime. Overcome with the horror of my position, I lost consciousness for an instant. When I recovered, I was still lying on the same spot, and my clothes were wet with blood. I felt as if I were mad, and screamed again wildly. Then I ran shrieking out of the plantation, and—I know not in which direction, up or down the lane. Suddenly I saw a light approaching from the distance. I made for it hastily. It came nearer and nearer—a man with a lantern. I rushed forward wildly; and in a moment afterwards fell abounding and screaming at the feet of the minister, who was without his cloak, and bared-headed. At sight of him I swooned away once more.

When I recovered, I was lying in his arms, and the light of the lantern was thrown upon his face. "Jessie! Miss Hayman!" he exclaimed, "speak! What is the meaning of this? This is blood." I gazed wildly up into his pale fierce face, and it seemed lit with a horrible deathly suspicion that I was cognizant of his crime. Should he suspect me, my life would not be worth a straw. I made a great and violent effort, clinging to him, and conquering my loathing for him. With a dreadful cunning, I thought I could persuade him that I was ignorant of what he had done.

"Help! help!" I cried. "Oh, Mr. Macbraith, fly for assistance. My poor father has been murdered!" he exclaimed; "and this—he touched my wet hand.



COL. JOHNSON ENDEAVORING TO CAPTURE A REBEL OFFICER, BUT GETS A WIG.

The above picture, engraved expressly for THE POST, from an engraving in *Frank Leslie's Magazine*, illustrates an incident at the battle of Pittsburgh Landing. On the last day of the action, and while the rebels were flying in confusion from their works, three of the officers in their flight passed very near the place where Col. A. K. Johnson, of the 28th Illinois, was stationed. The Colonel instantly

started in pursuit. Coming within pistol range, he fired at the nearest of his flying foes; this brought the rebel officer down on his horse's neck. Col. Johnson believing this to be a feint to avoid a second shot, determined to drag him from his saddle by main force. Riding up to his side for this purpose, he seized him by the hair of his head, but to his astonishment and disgust, he

only brought off the rebel Major's wig. Instantly recovering his headway, he again started for the delinquent, but his pistol had done its work, and before the Colonel reached him his lifeless body had fallen from the saddle. The two remaining rebel officers made good their escape. Late in the day Col. Johnson had his horse nearly cut in two head, but to his astonishment and disgust, he

by a cannon ball.

of the constables here stepped forward, and whispered in the woman's ear. She gave a slight scream of terror, and glanced timidly at her master. He stood in a gloomy attitude, and paid no attention to her.

"I thought as much," cried the woman. "Ah, Mr. Macbraith, what did I tell ye it wad come tae? I kent there was something wrang the nicht when he slept awa' and cam' back—ye ken how."

"Not a word, Elsie. I must convince these good people and this young lady, who is my accuser, that there is a mistake somewhere. Not a word, I say! Gentlemen, be good enough to make your search."

They searched high and low, but found nothing, the minister leading them cold assistance all the while. At the very top of the house we halted at last before the door of a small room. On trying the door, we found that it was locked.

"Have you a key?" asked a constable; "or must we force the door?"

"Elsie, give these gentlemen the key of this apartment."

The woman did as desired; and we unlocked the door. We were entering the room, with lighted candles in our hands, when Alexander Macbraith walked to the threshold and confronted us. He was dressed in the same suit of dingy black, the wrists of his shirt were bloody; and in his hand a large carving knife, with which he was cutting bread. It was then that the truth flashed upon me for the first time. Alexander was chucking it to himself, but he was very pale. When he saw us, he would have sprung over to attack us, had not the minister interposed and motioned him back. He obeyed; but as we entered, he crept close to his brother.

"I haes dyne it, mar, I haes dyne it," he whispered. "Dead men tell na tales, ye ken; and he's as cauld as my gowd. I haes dyne it wi' this!" He flourished the carving knife.

"By his attire; but not that which he now wears. He had upon him at the time a cloak and hat which are familiar to every one in the village, and which any one may identify as his property." Macbraith lifted his head with a strange look of meaning.

"I see it all! I see it all!" he said.

"Humph!" said the constable who had first spoken. "That's a very different story. Stop, though! What has become of the clothes you speak of?"

"Immediately after the murder, the prisoner ran off in the direction of the Manse, whence he soon after returned, as if called forth by my cries. The Manse should at once be searched."

The minister started at my last words, and looked at me almost vindictively. Then he said, between his teeth,

"I have to thank my fair accuser for her praiseworthy desire to get me punished; yet she should reflect a little. There are reasons why a visit to the Manse might be dangerous."

The policemen looked at each other doubtfully; but I turned to them impatiently.

"Do your duty," I said; "and do not heed this man's threats."

"I was not threatening, young lady," observed the minister.

The constables were now convinced that there was a strong case against the prisoner. With a muttered apology, they handcuffed him. He did not attempt to make the slightest resistance. He seemed quite stupefied with the suddenness of his arrest, and scarcely realized the profound terrors of his confinement.

The policemen looked at each other doubtfully; but I turned to them impatiently.

"Well, gentlemen!" said the minister, turning with a fierce and mocking smile to his

escort. They said nothing, but made a vigorous search through the apartment. Their search was at last rewarded. Poked huddled under the bedclothes, and begrimed with mud and blood, they found the hat and coat of Mr. Macbrath.

"We're getting wind of the business at last," grunted one of the constables with satisfaction.

"And what do you purpose doing, gentlemen at this juncture?" asked Macbrath with stern calmness.

"Doing?" exclaimed the office constable, roughly; "why, doing our duty, to be sure, and bringing both you and the madman here at once before the authorities. In the meantime, we arrest you both on a charge of wilful murder."

I have little more to add.

It was satisfactorily proved at the trial that Alexander Macbrath had been the assassin, and that the minister was entirely innocent. The tale I had heard in the Manso was true; and Alexander, cunning and revengeful in some things, although harmless to the main, had not forgotten his persecutor. He had watched him again and again by daylight, walking in the lane below the Manso; and on the night in question, having caught glimpse of a dark figure, he seized an opportunity to slip out disguised in his brother's clothes, and perpetrated the dreadful deed.

The minister was severely reprimanded for having suffered his brother to remain comparatively free, and thus having given him an opportunity to commit the crime. It was proved that he was allowed to roam freely about the house, being perfectly under the control of his brother and of the housekeeper, who had once held office in a lunatic asylum. Macbrath, in defence, asserted that he had believed his brother quite harmless, and that he had no suspicion that he was strong-minded enough to be capable of such memory and such resentment. The affair ended by the commitment of Alexander to the lunatic asylum, formerly his brother's terror.

I was right. My poor mother recovered herself in time, but she never managed to get married again.

That I did not marry the minister, you have already guessed. Indeed, such a marriage was rendered a moral impossibility.—Some weeks after the trial, I received the following note in a rugged scrawl:

"MISS JESSIE HAYMAN —

"I regret the sorrow of you and yours, for I loved you—loved you! I love you, but I am not too blind to see that the gulf between us is impassable. You will always be a strange portion of my dark life, for (I repeat it) I love you. Why, I know not; you did not conquer me in the usual way—but enough; I leave England to-morrow, never to return."

"RICHARD MACBRAITH"

We speak wisely. The gulf between us was never to be passed. But I often think of the minister, now in my old age, and the bitter, bitter Heart Struggle, returning again, lasted so long, that I had grown old and weak before I knew that it was too late to love again.

R. W. B.

BARNUM'S BABY SHOW.

The *Illustrated News* gives the following interesting particulars respecting Barnum's recent baby exhibition:

It is asserted that there were provided by the thoughtful manager twelve "nurses at large"—that is to say, twelve human persons of the female grade, who were "unattached"—who were not severally in the immediate service of certain specified babies, but who wandered about, ever ready to dispense from "Nature's fount" that nourishment which any howling youngster might suddenly require. The regular nurses were, of course, frequently asleep, or "absent on duty," in which case the services of these perambulating dairy maids were instantly called into requisition.

Another feature of the exhibition shows, if our accounts of it be true, the thoughtfulness of the manager, and at the same time proves that he must himself be a family man.

It is well known that it is not feasible or safe to administer medicines to very young infants, save in a sort of second hand way, through the medium of the mothers, or those from whom they derive their nourishment.—The usual plan is to administer the medicine to the nurse, and in a few hours the milk of the woman becomes so impregnated with the strength of the drug, that the requisite effect is produced on the babe. It will readily be believed that the knowledge of this fact suggested to Mr. Barnum the plan of having a series of *Medicated Nurses*. I am informed that the "Godfrey's Cordial" nurse was so used up the first day that she had to be taken home in a carriage. The next day two more "Godfrey's" nurses were put on. The "Daffy" nurse, though a strong German woman, gave in at 3 P. M. the first day, and had to call for volunteer help. There were three large women thoroughly impregnated with "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," but Barnum has had to put on four more, and the entire medicated nurse staff finally reached the number of fourteen.

"A warning to the extremely juvenile among our army officers, given to undue vanity in regard to buttons and gold lace, is conveyed in a little incident which occurred at the battle of New Bridge, Va., in which the Fourth Michigan Regiment, Col. Woodbury, so distinguished himself—"I might have shot you half-a-dozen times," remarked one of the prisoners, after the fight, to Col. Woodbury. "Why didn't you?" asked the Colonel. "I took you to be some d—d common scoundrel orderly," was the response. If the Colonel had decked himself out in all his "gorgeous array," he would undoubtedly have been obliged to content himself now with a plain mahogany overcoat and silver-headed but-

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Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1862.

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VERNER'S PRIDE.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We design commencing this new story by Mrs. Wood, author of "*The Channings*," "*East Lynne*," "*The Earl's Hand*," &c., in the next number of *The Post*. It will be printed from the advance sheets purchased by us at a high price from the distinguished author.

Our readers may anticipate a great treat in this new story, as we have reason

to believe that it will be one of absorbing interest.

Knowledge of this fact probably

induced the extraordinary efforts of the New York publishers to obtain it;—we judge

there is no recent instance where five of

them have made application for the same book.

The readers of *The Post* owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Wood for giving them the preference over such influential competitors.

We trust they will not fail to

call the attention of their neighbors and friends to the new story. We should not be surprised if it proved to be the great sensation—the much talked of romance—of the coming months, both in this country and in England, where it will simultaneously appear.

CANADA.

A portion of the English people are so put out by the recent refusal of the Canadian Parliament to pass a militia bill, providing for the enrolling of 100,000 men, that the *London Times*, representing these angry gentlemen, gives quite a lecture to the American province. The *Times* says:

In the first place, the late Parliament of Canada has shown itself singularly wanting in those instincts of liberty which urge a free people to fly to arms on the instant of surprise of danger from foreign enemies. It is to us inconceivable that 3,000,000 of civilized people can watch the explosions of the great volcano without real sin to themselves the fact that the fiery flood which is desolating so large and so fair a portion of the earth's surface may come even to them, and were it not for what we have seen, we should have thought it equally impossible for them to perceive this danger without taking every measure in their power to anticipate and prevent its approach.

The only solution that can be offered for so strange a fact is that Canada has learned to trust to others for the performance of services for which weaker and less wealthy populations are wont to rely exclusively on themselves.

Now the fact probably is, that the Canadians being nearer the "great volcano" referred to, have a much clearer idea of its character, and of the extent of the danger to be apprehended therefrom. They know that in no other way can they be in danger from the "volcano" aforsaid, than from their connection with England. Therefore they very reasonably say, why should not England defend us from a danger that is not likely to arise except as an incident of our provincial condition? The *Times*, considering this aspect of the case, denies its truth, and says:

We are disposed to hold the exact contrary of this, and to think it far more likely that Great Britain should be involved in war on account of Canada than that Canada should be involved in war on account of Great Britain. Let Canada look carefully at her own circumstances, let her statesmen study the tone of the American press, and the strange and momentous position of affairs on the American continent. How long will the present civil war afford employment to seven hundred thousand armed men? Or, if the war itself should not cease, how long will the American Government be able to bear the vast strain on their finances which the payment of such an army implies? And, when the time has at last arrived when, either from the termination of civil strife or the failure of money and credit, the United States are no longer able to support their vast army, what is to prevent that army from marching toward the northern frontier, and satisfying its revenge, its love of plunder and of conquest, in the rich and unwasted provinces of Canada?

The Canadians can probably perceive, although the *Times*, with its characteristic ignorance as to everything American, cannot, how thoroughly ridiculous the above statement is. The idea of an American army marching anywhere, and especially into a rather poor country like Canada, to satiate its "revenge" (which feeling does not exist), and its "love of plunder and conquest," is an idea so thoroughly absurd and unwarranted by the real character of the Northern people, that it really could only have occurred to some European journalists, with his memory crowded with the shameful precedents of European rapine and ambition. The Canadians well know that such talk is the veriest unmeaning madness. The worst thing that could possibly happen at any time to Canada from the United States, would be a rough woe, antecedent to an honorable wedding. A lot of Canadians might possibly be compelled to sit as Senators and Representatives at Washington, and some talented

Canadian may be forced some day to serve as President of the Union, but beyond this and the stimulation which would be given to Canadian prosperity by the honorable marriage referred to, Canada has nothing to offer. We do not say that even this is at all probable—we only draw the picture as the very worst that could possibly happen to our Northern neighbors from the "unprincipled ambition" of the Northern states. At the same time, we are free to admit our belief that the best interests alike of the United States and of Canada would be promoted by their union—not, however, as the result of any rough woe, but as the result of an intelligent and courteous interchange of opinions. Such an union would open a *West* to the present merely provincial field to Canadian enterprise and ambition—for Canada has no representatives in the British Parliament—it would make Canada a free and equal member of one of the greatest nations on the globe—it would secure peace on this continent; and it would strengthen that barrier to the insidious aggressions of European kingdoms and empires, which it is evident to all men on this side of the Atlantic, is absolutely necessary for the preservation of the liberty and independence of all the American states.

The closing declarations of the *Times* are important and suggestive. They are as follows:

Let not the Canadians, on the other hand, believe that they have in their present connection with Great Britain a sufficient protection against invasion without taking any trouble to defend themselves. Such an opinion is founded on a mistake both of our power and our will. *It is not in our power to send forth from this little island a military force sufficient to defend the frontier of Canada against the numerous armies which have learned arms and discipline in the great school of the present civil war. Our resources are unequal to so large a concentration of force on a single point; our empire is too vast, our population too small, our antagonist too powerful.* But, if we had the power, it is quite certain that we should not have the will. Opinion in England is perfectly decided to enter the piteous lamentations of the *Times* and *Standard* who accompanied him. But the case itself, where it is claimed that the embalmed body of Jacob still reposes, no one enters. There is a tradition that 2,500 years ago, a healthy and corpulent servant of a great king entered it to return blind, deaf, crippled and withered. But into what are called the tombs or shrines of Abraham, Jacob and Joseph, the party were admitted, after a prayer to appease the Patriarch. The nights are generally cool and pleasant. Dows commence only to fall after midnight. Fogs are very scarce at any time during the year, and in some parts of the Southern states, as for instance, in lower Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, nearly unheard of. Generally speaking, there is no healthier country of equal extent in the world than the Southern states. It is a fact, portions of it are unhealthy, and small parts of it extremely so; but the latter applies only to the swamps and rice-fields along the mouths of the rivers, most especially of the Waccamaw, Ashley, Cooper, Savannah, Ogeechee, Altamaha, Satilla and St. Mary's rivers on the Atlantic coast. The sickly portions of Southern states are inconsiderable, and generally confined to the mouths of the rivers, the immediate vicinity of water courses and some swamps in the interior, all of which can be easily avoided.

The sickly portions of the state of South Carolina are confined to the mouths of the Waccamaw, Santee, Ashley and Cooper rivers, and to the rice fields and swamps below the latter two rivers to the Savannah river. The islands on the coast of South Carolina, the towns of Beaufort and Bluffton are perfectly healthy. The city of Charleston is frequently visited by yellow fever, and unacclimated foreigners are subject to very fatal bilious fevers, especially by a change from the city to the country, and vice versa.

The interior of South Carolina, above the South Carolina Railroad, leading from Charleston to Augusta, Georgia, is perfectly healthy, and as much so for Northerners as for Southerners.

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The interior of South Carolina, above the South Carolina Railroad, leading from Charleston to Augusta, Georgia, is perfectly healthy, and as much so for Northerners as for Southerners.

The sickly part of Georgia is very unimportant, and mainly confined to the rice swamps along the Savannah, Ogeechee, Altamaha, Satilla, and the St. Mary's rivers, and to the vicinity of the Savannah river up to the city of Augusta. The cities of Savannah and Augusta are now and then visited by yellow fever, but, with the exception of this, the city of Savannah is one of the healthiest cities on the face of the globe, and its mortality never as high as that of the Northern cities. From the year 1829 to the year 1852 Savannah was entirely free from yellow fever, but in and after the latter year it has been again, but not frequently subjected to this disease. The interior of Georgia, especially the pine-barrens along the Atlantic Ocean and the line of Florida, and again the mountainous part above the railroad leading from Augusta to Atlanta, are perfectly healthy, as much so as any country in the world. Even the immediate surroundings of the large Okefenokee swamp, in Ware county, Georgia, on the line of Florida, are not unhealthy.

The state of Florida, with the exception of the vicinity of large water-courses and stagnant lakes, and its swamps and everglades, is perfectly healthy.

Alabama is generally a less healthy state than Georgia. Its most sickly portions are found around the Mobile bay, and the lower parts of the Mobile and Alabama rivers. The yellow fever visits Mobile nearly as often as it does New Orleans, and ascends sometimes as high up as Montgomery, on the Alabama river, and Demopolis, in the neck of the Tombigbee and Black Warrior rivers, are besides favorable to intermittent fever. With this exception the state of Alabama is a healthy one, especially that part of it above the Tennessee river and around the spurs of the mountains which enter this state from Tennessee and Georgia.

In the *Odyssey*, we find Homer using *skeladon* in describing the scattering of the suitors of Penelope when Ulysses should come, and in the 20th book of the *Odyssey* we have the same word used for the dispersing of the suitors to their houses, as the result of the return of Ulysses.

In *Thucydides* Book IV., 56, we have an account of a garrison at Cottysia and Aphrodite, which terrified by an attack of a *skeladon* scattered crowd.

At the capture of Troy, in Chalcedon, Thucydides describes the result of the rush of Brasidas and his troops toward the highest parts of the town, and among these results "the rest of the multitude (*skeladon*) scattered or dispersed in all directions alike." In this sense *skeladon* is used by Xenophon in *Anabasis* by Plato in the *Timaeus*, by Apollonius of Rhodes, by Herodotus, and by Sophocles. It is, therefore, a classic word, and is full of expression.—*Louisville Journal*.

In *Prometheus*, Eschylus thus uses it (*skeladon*) in making "the sun dispense the heat of the morn." And again Prometheus uses this word in predicting woes upon Jupiter, when he says that "a flame more potent than the lightning" shall be invented, which shall (*skeladon*) shiver the ocean trident, the spear of Neptune."

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At the capture of Troy, in Chalcedon, Thucydides describes the result of the rush of Brasidas and his troops toward the highest parts of the town, and among these results "the rest of the multitude (*skeladon*) scattered or dispersed in all directions alike." In this sense *skeladon* is used by Xenophon in *Anabasis* by Plato in the *Timaeus*, by Apollonius of Rhodes, by Herodotus, and by Sophocles. It is, therefore, a classic word, and is full of expression.—*Louisville Journal*.

skeladon is a pure Greek word of great antiquity. It occurs in Homer, Hesiod, Eschylus, Sophocles, Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, and it was used to express in Greek the very idea that we undertake, in using it, to express in English. Homer, in the "Iliad," uses only the word *skeladon* to describe the scattering of the Trojans.

The question is, whether the *skeladon* of the *Odyssey* is to be understood as referring to the scattering of the suitors of Penelope, or to the scattering of the Trojans.

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NEWS ITEMS.

A prize of twenty thousand francs has been offered at Paris for the best essay on the "Regeneration of Bone," in the hope that, eventually, medical science will no longer have to resort to amputation.

A BILL to repeal the "Personal Liberty Law" of Wisconsin was passed by the Assembly of that state on the 14th inst., by a vote of 51 ayes to 25 nays.

HOOP SKIRTS AND THE SOUTHERN LADIES.—The sisters in North Carolina are doing a good business. People come forty miles from the inland to buy goods of them. One firm also sold \$1,500 worth of hoop skirts and calico to North Carolina women in one day. Strange to say the goods were all paid for in gold, silver and government notes, which must have been hidden in socks and cracked teapots all the while the common shipasters have been going their rounds.—*Baltimore Clipper*.

Poor Garibaldi, who has suffered so much and achieved so much in the cause of freedom, has worn himself physically out by his many and long-continued struggles. He is now a victim to a disease that spares no hero more than it passes by the common vulgar man. He is confined to his bed by rheumatism.

A PRIVATE letter, received in this city, announces that Major-General Buell, heretofore with Major-General Halleck, in Mississippi, has started with his whole army for East Tennessee, by way of Huntville.

GEN. SAXTON, Military Governor of South Carolina, will soon leave for Port Royal.

The Secretary of War, in response to the resolution of the House, says he is directed by the President to inform that body that

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THERE are two brigadier-generals in the Union army whose names very often get confounded in telegraphic despatches. One is Gen. Henry M. Nagle, commanding a brigade in Gen. McClellan's army, and the other is Gen. James S. Negley, who is with Gen. Halleck's army.

DEATH FROM THE SMOKER'S CANCER.—The Salem Observer learns from a reliable source that a case of death by cancer in the mouth and throat recently occurred in a neighboring state, which is supposed to have been caused by excessive smoking. The deceased was a gentleman highly respected and esteemed for his many virtues. His sufferings were most dreadful; at last the cancer, eating into the jugular vein, soon terminated his life. His age was 50 years.

MR. MERCIER AND JEFF. DAVIS.—A French paper states that, at the time of his visit to Richmond, Mr. Mercier had an interview with Jeff. Davis, and that in the course of conversation, he asked from the rebel President if there was not, in his mind, any ground upon which the South could make proposals of peace to the North. "No, sir," said Jeff. Davis, "the Confederate states are not so high or so low as to entertain any thought of that kind. The time for peace will doubtless come; but it has not yet, and we must wait awhile before we can avail ourselves of your good offices."—*Evening Post*.

THE WASTE OF WAR.—The New York Evening Post says that the Maine 11th regiment, which passed through Broadway last November, chanting the Hallelujah chorus, eight hundred and fifty men strong, nearly so much that when they went into the battle of Fair Oaks, they numbered, fit for duty, only one hundred and eighty men. Nearly one half of this number were killed or wounded.

At a conference meeting, one of the deacons of the church, a good, easy old gentleman, made his accustomed exhortation, and undertook to quote the passage describing the mighty works of Christ—raising the dead and casting out devils. We do not imagine that the passage itself was at all to the purpose, but that was not the worst of it. The deacon got it transposed, and drawled out, very solemnly, "cast out the dead and raise the devil."

AT Elderfield, Prussia, large swarms of mosquitoes, so thick as to darken the skies, were seen for two days in the month of May, and at a village within two miles of the above city, swarms of grasshoppers, with unusual large heads, and from three to four inches long, suddenly covered the ground.

AT Lacrosse, Wis., Sir, inst., a man who first courted a daughter aged twenty years, then the mother aged over forty, and was rejected by them both, was wedlocked, according to law, to the hired girl in the family he courted. That chap did not intend to let his love run to waste while there was a show left.

GEN. FREMONT, when at the West, is said to have sent his secret despatches to the President in Magyar, which was good as cipher, since no traitor knows the tongue. What a compliment to the native tongue of Kossoff!—"No traitor knows the tongue!" It is said that there is no record of any Hungarian being in the rebel service, though the number in the Federal army is large.

BRIGHAM YOUNG has sent one of his sons to Washington, as a member of the delegation now at the capital, I buying in the political and polygamous interests of Utah. Old Abe, in discussing conjugal matters with him, is said to have remarked that it was absurd to talk about polygamy, as "he never yet heard of a man having a wife who wanted two."

MR. OLIPHANT, the novelist, and not Miss Evans, is declared, on authority, to be the author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," in Blackwood's Magazine.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.—A Yankee has invented a new gun, with which he says he can sink the Monitor in thirty minutes. He says a target of a thickness of nine inches of wrought iron obliquely, and at long range puts a small ball through the whole concern, shot-proof.

GEN. McDOWELL'S FORCE.—The Richmond Dispatch announces the arrival at W. Point of Gen. McDowell's force, and says the rebels will be prepared to receive him. They went down the Rappahannock in thirty transports, convoyed by war steamers. The rebels are not kept from information of what is going on in front of them, though the news-papers here do not publish the intelligence.

The President has approved of the bill securing freedom in all the present as well as future territories of the United States.

NEW RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT.—Efforts are

making in England to abolish sermons, or to make it understood that the congregation assemblies on Sunday for prayer and singing only, and that this part of the service completed, there shall be a pause, during which those who do not wish to hear the sermon, may retire. The plea is that sermons are often trashy and unprofitable.

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ILLINOIS ELECTION.—

IN MEMORIAM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"She is no more to be found in all the earth."

Oh, search in vain! No more in all the earth
May she be found amid the youthful throng;
And never more to peaceful home and hearth
Will her sweet presence come with light and
song.

No more in all the earth! ah, whither gone!
And wherefore gone? Love held her closely
here—

Fond hearts are dissolved,—and life is lone,—
No more in all the earth will she appear.

Tears fall like rain for her, yet maidens fair
Fill many a home with joyousness and mirth—
Maidens with laughing sun and sunny hair,
But she may not be found in all the earth.

No more in all the earth! Oh, say not so!
For weeping friends one dark and dismal day
Bore her sweet form along with footsteps slow,
And laid it softly in the grave away.

Then surely here she lies in sweet repose—
Our loved and lost—and on this grassy mound,
Where tenderly the drooping violet blows,
Fond search at last a resting-place has found.

Ah, no! not even here—she is not here!—
A fresh our aching hearts with grief were given,
Did not sweet Hope arrive to check the tear,
Did not calm Faith look up and speak of
Heaven.

And, oh, what is she there!—so guileless here,
So seemingly from imperfection free,
That even in thy eyes she did appear
A very lily in her purity.

What is she there—freed from the stains of
earth?

Oh, let us weep no more, nor be cast down—
Our loss, to her is gain of precious worth,—
She shines a jewel in her Savior's crown.

Oh, blissful place! Oh, holy, happy bourn!
Forever meet to be her Savior's guest;
Why should we mourn as those who hopeless
mourn,

That her young feet have early found their
rest!

H. L.

THE TREASURE OF THE INCAS.

Going up and down, down and up, is the fate of the inhabitants of Quito, South America. The streets will not allow the use of vehicles, hence persons must go about afoot or on horseback. The principal streets open on squares, among which the Plaza Mayor is the handsomest. Some of the churches contain handsome pictures, and to one of these churches—that of the Dolores de la Virgen—a curious history of the sixteenth century is attached, which we venture to quote for its novelty.

Captain Ferdinand Suarez had taken into his service an Indian, discarded by his relatives and repelled by all on account of his ugliness, which was comparable to that of the Fiend. He felt pity for the unfortunate man, had him christened, and taught him to read and write. Ere long the attachment of the master to his servant became so great that he treated him like his own son. The Indian, whose name was Cantuma, loved his benefactor as he would have done a tender and affectionate father.

Reverses of fortune fell on Suarez; crushed with debt, no other resource was left him but to sell his house, and then die in want. On seeing the captain reduced to this extremity, Cantuma said to him:

"You have no need to sell your house; merely have a subterranean vault made. I will go there alone, with the proper implements for melting metals, and supply you with enough gold to satisfy your creditors, and let you live in opulence; but, on two conditions, my excellent master."

"What are they, my son?"

"That you will not divulge to a soul that it is I who supply you with such wealth, nor will you try to discover whence I obtain it."

Suarez, convinced of the religious principles and probity of Cantuma, believed him no more capable of committing an action contrary to the law, than of forming a compact with Satan. He accepted the conditions, and swore to observe them scrupulously, in the presence of an image blessed by the Pope.—He thought, too, that since so much mystery was wanted, it would not be wise to call in workmen to make the vault.

"Let us make it ourselves," he said to the Indian.

Both set to work, and the job was soon finished. After his first solitary visit, Cantuma brought up a mass of molten gold, worth more than 100,000 piastres (\$20,000). Everybody was amazed at seeing a ruined man not only get rid of his embarrassments, but display extraordinary munificence to monks and beggars. The respect with which he inspired all classes, however, checked the comments of the crowd. It was not so after his death. Cantuma, who became the heir of his master's fortune, surpassed even him in his pure donations and alms. Public curiosity insisted on knowing the source of such generosity, and the Indians, compelled to have an explanation with justice, answered as follows:

"Yes, I confess it; it was I who gave gold to Suarez and many others. The treasure is inexhaustible, but it costs me dear. I have signed a compact with the Fiend in my blood, and I obtain from him the power of giving such lavish bounty."

Such a confession, it might be supposed, would have brought the Indian before the Holy Office, but the plausibility made of his gold was taken into consideration. The Franciscans, whom he peculiarly favored, protected him, for they feared the loss of a splendid income. Still they exhorted him to break his impious compact; but he was too wise to do so, as he felt sure that when his money stopped, the monks would have no hesitation about sending him to the stake.

Cantuma braved, calmly and stoically, both aversion and pity. He laughed at those who declined his gifts, and told them they were

wrong; to those who accepted them—and all the priests were of the number—he remarked that the demon groaned at seeing the fruits of his foul pass into pious hands.

Thus lived Cantuma, distributing publicly and secretly a goodly number of thousands. At his death, which created an immense sensation, the religious orders proceeded with reliquaries and conjurations to defend his corpse against the infernal powers. When the house had been thoroughly searched; the vault was discovered, and in it lay piles of molten gold and Indian jewels, prepared for the crocodile.

The latter explained the fable by which the Spaniards had been duped. Cantuma indubitably procured them from some unknown hiding-place. It was remembered that he was the son of Heraclio, the puissant Indian chief who buried the rich treasures of the Incas. It was from this source then, that Cantuma drew his immense treasures, and carefully melted them down, inventing a fable not to set the Spaniards on the right track.

Great was the sorrow of the Franciscans at not having suspected this fact sooner. They would have overwhelmed the dying man with promises and threats, in order to become the legatees of the secret which the Indians bore with him to the tomb. His mode of acting, up to the last moment, led to the belief that the treasure of the Incas was far from being exhausted, but they sought for it in vain, and it had not yet been found. Still, the Franciscans thought themselves bound to rehabilitate Cantuma's memory, and secure his salvation with a part of his money. They published the narrative and founded a church, specially intended for Indians, and devoted to the Virgin of Sorrows, for she was the Madonna whom Cantuma had ever most fervently worshipped.

EFFECT OF SUNLIGHT ON HEALTH.

Seclusion from sunshine is one of the misfortunes of our civilized modes of life. The same cause which makes potato vines white and sickly when grown in dark cellars, operates to produce the pale, sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health and strength.

When in London, some years ago, I visited an establishment which had acquired a wide reputation for the cure of those diseases in which prostration and nervous derangement were prominent symptoms. I soon found the secret of success in the use made of sunshine. The slate roof had been removed, and a glass one substituted. The upper story was divided into sixteen small rooms, each one provided with a lounge, washing apparatus, etc. The patient, on entering each his little apartment, removed all his clothing, and exposed himself to the direct rays of the sun. Lying on the lounge, and turning over, from time to time, each and every part of the body was thus exposed to the life-giving rays of the sun. Several London physicians candidly confessed to me that many cases, which seemed waiting only for the shroud, were galvanized into life and health by this process.

But goats, like most other animals, prefer clean feed, and will not devour all the above-mentioned things if a supply of more desirable edibles be at hand. In the winter, it is well to lay in a few hundred pounds of hay—seasonal crop is preferable—a few carrots, and some fine feed. Indian meal is sometimes given to them, but it is too dry. They need water occasionally, but do not drink much.

The goat is one of the most hardy of our domestic animals, enduring easily all extremes of heat and cold. It needs the shelter of a shed or barn in wintry and stormy weather, and will lie anywhere on the floor, preferring a board to a bed. Its natural activity and nimbleness, together with a capricious disposition, fit this creature to enjoy a state of freedom. When roaming wild, on its native mountains, it loves to climb the most dangerous and inaccessible places, clinging on the verge of precipices by its wide-spreading and sharp-edged hoofs, and defying the pursuit of the hunter. This inclination it manifests in domestic life, by scaling sheds, walls, wood-piles, etc., with great agility. But the goat will bear confinement extremely well, continuing in good health, and yielding the usual quantity of milk. On shipboard it is healthier than any other domestic animal, and is highly valued on account of its sportiveness, its familiarity, and its ability to give milk upon such waste food as is there obtainable.

The milk of the female goat is sweet, rich and nourishing. It has the body and smoothness of cream, is viscid and strengthening, little productive of oil, but abundant in the matter of cheese. In tea and coffee it is far superior to cow's milk, and will go at least as far again in imparting color and flavor. In all kinds of cooking it is equally excellent. It has no peculiar or unpleasant taste, and is not affected by what the creature eats. Onion tops have been given to the females, by way of experiment, without imparting an oniony taste to the milk. I consider two pints of goat's milk to be as good in a family, in every way, as three pints of cow's milk.

For most feeble and sickly children, as well as those in health, it is invaluable. It does not tend to form curds in the stomach, as cow's milk does, and is therefore frequently prescribed by physicians in cases of extreme weakness. It is sold for this purpose in Salem at twenty-five cents a quart. Invalids abroad often resort to the mountainous districts of Ireland and Scotland to derive benefit from the use of this article, which is there known as "goat's whey." Mr. Colman noticed that the Irish mountaineers, about the Lake of Killarney, kept from one to thirty goats apiece, for the sake of the tourists to that delightful region. In Spain and Portugal, goats are abundant, and in Lisbon, their milk is more commonly used than that of cows. The goats in these countries are driven into the cities in the morning and milked at the doors of the houses. The district in France most celebrated for goats is the Canton Mont d'Or, where, in a space not exceeding two leagues (six miles) in diameter, upwards of eleven thousand are kept, chiefly to supply the city of Lyons with cheese. There are several other interesting particulars relative to the goat, which I will give in another paper.—*Levi's Journal of Physical Culture.*

[And yet the inhabitants of the torrid, sunny regions of the globe are not stronger and healthier than the natives of less sunny climates—they are paler and less vigorous. While it seems to be almost an instinct in summer to seek the shady side of the street or of the road.—*Editor.*]

ABOUT KEEPING GOATS.

Many persons who cannot conveniently keep a cow, would find it profitable to keep one or two common goats. They require but little care, may be supported at small cost, and yield a good supply of milk of superior quality. A goat, well kept, will yield from three pints to two quarts of milk daily, for a large part of the year, the quantity diminishing in the cold weather as the time of kidding approaches. It is much cheaper to keep a goat in town, than to pay a milkman, and families everywhere will find the milk very nutritive and wholesome, and especially good for children in most cases. An English writer estimates that two goats are equal to a small Shetland cow.

Goats may be very cheaply supported. If picketed in a pasture in warm weather, or allowed to be at large, they will pick up their own living, eating readily almost every sort of green thing. Grass, weeds, twigs or bushes, vegetables, fruits, nearly everything that grows, will suit their taste. They are fond of dry leaves, corn-stalks, horse-chestnuts, and even eat poisonous plants with impunity. If confined in a yard, or in closer quarters, they will take the scraps and waste of the kitchen. Some persons allow them to feed out of the swill-pail, but this practice cannot be recommended. Cobbett says, in his "Cottage Economy."

"When I was in the army, in New Brunswick, where, be it observed, the snow lies on the ground seven months in the year, there were many goats that belonged to the regiment, and that went about with it on shipboard and everywhere else. Some of them had gone through nearly the whole of the American war. We never fed them. In summer they picked about wherever they could find grass; and in winter, they lived on cabbage-leaves, potato-peeling, and other things flung out of the soldiers' rooms and huts. One of these goats belonged to me, and on an average throughout the year, she gave me more than three half-pints of milk a day. I used to have the kid killed when a few days old; and, for some time, the goat would give nearly, or quite, two quarts of milk a day. She was seldom dry more than three weeks in a year."

The same writer adds, that "goats will pick pebbles out of the kennel and eat them. They will eat mouldy bread or biscuit; musty hay and rotten straw; furze bushes, heath-tistles, and, indeed, what will they not eat, when they will make a hearty meal on paper, brown or white, printed on or not printed on, and give milk all the while?" I may add to Cobbett's list of odd delicacies, by stating that my own goats have gnawed smooth the rough sides of my pile of hemlock bark, and have cleaned out all the powder-post from the sills of the wood-shed!

But goats, like most other animals, prefer clean feed, and will not devour all the above-mentioned things if a supply of more desirable edibles be at hand. In the winter, it is well to lay in a few hundred pounds of hay—seasonal crop is preferable—a few carrots, and some fine feed. Indian meal is sometimes given to them, but it is too dry. They need water occasionally, but do not drink much.

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The shade trees about our dwellings have done something to make our wives pale and feeble. Is it not enough that our women should have placed between them and the great fountain of light and life six inches of brick wall, without the addition of twenty feet of green leaves? Trees ought never to stand near enough to our house to cast a shade upon them; and, if the blinds were removed, and nothing but a curtain within, with which to lesson, on the hottest days, the intensity of the heat, it would add greatly to the tone of our nerves and our general vigor.

The piazzas which project over the lower story always make that inferior to the upper story, especially for sleeping purposes. I cured, during my professional career, a great many cases of rheumatism, by advising the patients to leave a bedroom shaded by trees or a broad piazza, and sleep in a room and bed which were constantly dried and purified by the direct rays of the sun.—*Levi's Journal of Physical Culture.*

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Caution advised, calmly and stoically, both aversion and pity. He laughed at those who declined his gifts, and told them they were

THE MODEL GENERAL.

BY MARSHAL MARMONT.

The General's Courage.—He is brave, and known to be so by his whole army; his courage cannot for a moment be questioned or become a matter of doubt. His valor is characterized by calmness and coolness, without, however, excluding, in certain circumstances, that dash and activity which are contagious and attractive. If his reputation, in this respect, is not sufficiently established, he should seek and seize an opportunity for fixing it upon an immovable foundation; otherwise he cannot exercise over Generals, officers, and soldiers, that power of respect and esteem indispensable to his success.

His Prescience.—He will conscientiously bear in mind that a surprise never happens except as a consequence of culpable neglect, and that a General surprised is dishonored.

His Responsibility.—It is not only himself but his subordinates also, whom he must shelter from reproach, by preventing their mistakes.

Not a Writer.—Knowing the value of time, the only treasure which cannot be supplied, he will dispense with writing much himself, leaving this labor to those who, by explicit function, are charged with transmitting his orders. He will reserve to himself only the approval of their work.

Never has a good General written much in war movements. It is the head which must then work, and not the hand. He employs his time more usefully in giving verbal instructions, in preserving freedom of mind to judge whether his intentions have been faithfully rendered, and in meditating upon new combinations.

His Activity.—His activity should be unbounded; his presence, often unexpected, will render every one fearful of being caught in fault; he will thus nourish the zeal of all.

His Hospitality.—A General should be as magnificant as his fortune will allow. His greatest luxury should consist in a large number of horses; he must have enough not to be hindered in any plans he may deem useful. He should have, as the next object of his magnificence, a mansion in which he can constantly dispense hospitality. Never should an officer come to his headquarters, on service, without receiving testimonials of it. It is, in the first place, a praiseworthy act in itself; for the staff officers, or officers separated from their corps, are in such unfortunate conditions as to living, that they would be reduced, if the General did not have a care of them, to a state of real want. To this humane consideration is joined another interest, which regards the good of the service itself. An officer, charged with dispatches, hastens his arrival when he knows beforehand the reception which awaits him. He quickens his march from affection for his commander and for himself. Time, always elsewhere useful, plays so important a part in war, that it must by every means be economized.

His Secrecy.—All projects demand the profoundest secrecy; a General should never communicate them except to those charged with their execution, and at the very moment when their knowledge of them becomes necessary. How many enterprises, well conceived, have failed by reason of having been known to the enemy! Nothing, on the contrary, is more favorable to success than to allow an opposite opinion to the true one formed; it is by deceiving those who surround him that a General will make his health throughout the visitation.

In Smyrna, the French governor of the hospital said, that during an epidemic of plague, large numbers of dead bodies were laid in the burying grounds unburied, and that his house was rendered intolerable by the stench, but himself and family were in perfect health throughout the visitation.

A man with his wife and two sons lived under the anatomical rooms of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. They lived amidst the stench, but his wife had no sickness in her family during the ten years.

During the manufacture of adipocere, at Conham, England, the entrails and useless parts of the carcasses of hundreds of animals were left around the manufactory, and the odors were horrible to the workmen, but during the years the men worked among these odors, there was not a case of sickness among the workmen.

Dr. Gordon gives an account of the stranding of a whale on the island of Santa Cruz. Its putrefaction loaded the air for weeks with the most offensive odors, but there was no sickness from the effluvia. Dr. Gordon also speaks of the putrefaction of one thousand barrels of beef on the same island, which gave rise to such odors that men were employed to throw the barrels into the sea. None of the people in the neighborhood, nor any of the men employed in removing the nuisance, had any sickness.

In various parts of this country my

TO-DAY'S CROSS.

Zoal in one duty will not me excuse
For leaving some less pleasant task undone;
It is not given me my cross to choose—
Which trial to accept and which to shun.

It may be good, this work which I fulfill,
Nor takes up the applause of men to gain;
While I, condemned at heart, am conscious still
That my true burden doth untouched remain.

God only can the secret motive view,

The unknown thought which prompts the act
Within.

And much that man admires as pure and true,
He sees to have its hidden birth in sin.

Oh, that I might the narrow pathway tread,

A steadfast follower of the Heavenly Guide,

Where He would lead me, willing to be led,

Though humbling off those leadings to my
pride!

Thus have I walked at times, and ever found

My happiest hours upon that blood-stained
road;

There fruits of peace and flowers of hope abond,

And there my cross becomes an easy load.

But presently the weakness of my faith,

Or fears to meet and brave the scorn of men,

Do tempt me to forsake that lowly path;

And then the cross doth weigh me down
again.

Saviour! Then canst the needful strength be-

stow,

My triumph in each conflict to secure;

But I, who will the victory's sweetness know,

Cannot, alone, its lightest toils endure.

Then hear me, oh, my Saviour! while I pray

For grace to follow on and do Thy will,

That this day's cross I may take up to-day,

And this day's journey, ere 'tis night, fulfill.

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNN," "THE EARL'S HEIRE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A LETTER FOR MR. GALLOWAY.

Mr. Galloway.

Morning passed into afternoon, and after-

noon was drawing towards its close. Roland Yorke, had contrived to struggle through it, and be alive still, in spite of the amount of work which was pressed upon him. Mr. Galloway had put on his spectacles and copied out several pages himself—a thing he rarely attempted. But he had gone out now, and had carried with him some letters to post.

"Yes!" grumbled Roland. "He can stretch his legs, but he takes good care I shall not stretch mine! Why couldn't he send me those letters? It's my place to post them; it's not his. Write, write write! till my fingers have got the cramp, and my feet have no more feeling in them than the stool has! Why, I wouldn't stop by myself in this horrid, musty, parched old place—Oh, it's you, is it?"

This was addressed to the postman, who came in with the afternoon delivery of letters—two, which he handed to Roland, and departed.

Of course Roland immediately began to scrutinize them; turning them over; critically guessing at the senders; playing with them at pitch and toss—anything to while away the time, and afford him some cessation from his own work. By these means he contrived to pass five minutes rather agreeably (estimating things by comparison) when Mr. Galloway's servant entered.

"Is my master in, Mr. Roland?"

"Of course he's not," said Roland. "He's gone gallivanting somewhere. He has all the pleasure of it, and I have all the work."

"Will you please to give him this letter, then?" said the man. "The post has just left it at our house, so I brought it round."

"What's it brought round here for?" asked Roland.

"Because he ordered it done. He said he expected a letter would be delivered at the house by the afternoon post, and if it came I was to bring it to him at once. Good after-

noon, sir."

This little bit of information was quite enough for Roland. He seized the letter, as he had done the others, and subjected it to the like scrutiny. The address was written in a singular hand; in large, printing-looking letters. Roland satisfied his curiosity, so far as the outside of the letter could do it, and then rose from his stool and laid the three letters upon Mr. Galloway's desk in his private room.

A short while, and that gentleman entered.

"Anything by the post?" was his first question.

"Two letters, sir," replied Roland. "And John brought round one, which was addressed to the house. He said you expected it."

Mr. Galloway went into his private room. He glanced casually at the address on the letters, and then called Roland Yorke.

"Where is the letter John brought round?" he inquired, somewhat testily.

Roland pointed it out.

"That was all, sir."

"That?" Mr. Galloway bent on it a keener glance, which probably satisfied him that it bore his private address. "Was that the only one he brought?" added he; and from his manner and words Roland inferred that it was not the letter he had expected.

"That was all, sir."

Roland returned to his own room, and Mr. Galloway sat down and opened his letters. The first two were short communications relative to business; the last was the one brought by John.

What did it contain? For one thing, it contained a bank-note for £20. But the contents? Mr. Galloway gazed at it, and rubbed his brow, and gazed again. He took off his spectacles, and put them on; he looked at the bank-note, and he read and re-read it.

the letter; for it completely upset the theory and set at nought the date he had been going upon; especially the date of the last few hours.

"The finder of that lost £20 note sends it back to Mr. Galloway. His motive in doing so is, that the wrongfully suspected may be cleared. He who was publicly accused of the offence was innocent, as were all others upon whom suspicion (though not acted upon) may have fallen. The writer of this alone took the note, and he now restores it."

Abrupt and signatureless was such was the letter. When Mr. Galloway had sufficiently overcome his surprise to reason rationally, it struck him as being a singular coincidence that this should come to him on the day when the old affair had been renewed again. Since its bustle had died out at the time of the occurrence, Mr. Galloway did not remember to have voluntarily spoken of it, until he rose from his chair.

"I will not forget it, Mr. Dean," said Mr. Galloway. And he escorted the Dean to the outer door, as was his custom when honored by him with a visit, and bowed him out.

Roland, just then, looked a pattern of industry. He had resumed his seat, after rising in salutation as the Dean passed through the office, and was writing away like a steam-engine. Mr. Galloway returned to his own room, and set himself calmly to consider all the bearings of this curious business. The great bar to his being able fully to regard Arthur as innocent, was the difficulty there existed of fixing upon anybody else as likely to have been guilty. Likely! he might almost have said as possible to have been guilty.

"I have a very great mind," he growled to himself, "to send for Butterby, and let him rake it all up again." The uncertainty vexed him, and it seemed as if the affair was never to have an end. "What if I show Arthur Channing the letter first, and study his countenance as he looks at it? I may gather something from that. I don't fancy he'd be an over-good actor, as some might be; if he has sent this money, I shall see it in his face."

Acting upon the moment's impulse, he suddenly opened the door of the outer office, and there found that Mr. Roland's industry had, for the present, come to an end. He was standing before the window, making pantomimic signs through the glass to a friend of his, Kavett. His right thumb was pointed over his shoulder towards the door of Mr. Galloway's private room; no doubt, to indicate a warning that that gentleman was inside it, and that the office, consequently, was not free for promiscuous intruders.—A few sharp words of reprimand to Mr. Roland ensued, and then he was sent off with a message to Arthur Channing.

At the first glance it, of course, it appeared to be a proof positive that Arthur Channing was not guilty. But Mr. Galloway was not accustomed to take only the superficial view of things; and it struck him, as it would strike others, that this might be, after all, a refined bit of finesse on Arthur's own part to remove the suspicion of himself. True, the cost of empying it was twenty pounds; but what was that, compared in value to the restoration of his good name?

The letter bore the London post-mark. There was not a doubt that it had been there posted. That told nothing. Arthur, or anybody else, could get a letter posted there, if wishing to do it; "where there's a will, there's a way," thought Mr. Galloway. But again, where was Arthur Channing to get twenty pounds from? Mr. Galloway did not think that he could get it from anywhere, or that he possessed himself a twentieth part of it. So far, the probability was against Arthur's being the author. Mr. Galloway quite lost himself in conjecture. Why should it have been addressed to his residence, and not to the office? He had been expecting letter from one, that afternoon, who always did address to his residence; and that letter, it appeared, had not come. However, that had nothing to do with this. Neither paper nor writing afforded any clue, and the latter was palpably disguised.

He called in Roland Yorke for the purpose of putting to him a few useless questions—like a great many of us do when we are puzzled—questions at any rate, that could throw no light upon the main subject.

"What did John say, when he brought this letter?"

"Only what I told you, sir. That you expected a letter addressed to the house, and ordered him to bring it round."

"But this is not the letter I expected," tapping it with his finger, and looking altogether so puzzled and astonished, that Roland stared at him.

Arthur looked up in surprise.

"Where should I get twenty pounds from?" he asked. "I shall have a quarter's salary from Mr. Williams, shortly; but it is not quite due yet. And it will not be twenty pounds, or anything like that amount."

Mr. Galloway nodded. It was the thought which had struck himself. Another thought, however, was now striking Arthur; a thought which caused his cheek to flush and his brow to lower. With the word "salary" had arisen to him the remembrance of another's salary, due about this time: that of his brother Hamish. Had Hamish been making this use of it—to take the stigma from him? The idea received additional force from Mr. Galloway's next words—for they bore upon the whole.

"Hamish has done it!" she uttered, in a whisper. "This puts all doubt at an end. There are times—there have been times"—she burst into tears as she spoke—"when I have fondly tried to cheat myself that we were suspecting him wrongfully. Arthur, others suspect him."

Arthur caught the same look that was upon hers.

"I trust not!"

"But they do. Ellen Huntley has dropped an inadvertent word which convinced me he is in some way doubted there. She caught it up again in evident alarm, ere it was well spoken; and I dared not pursue the subject. It is Hamish who has sent this money."

"You speak confidently, Constance."

"Listen. I know that he has drawn money—papa's salary and his own; he mentioned it incidentally. A few days ago I asked him for money for housekeeping purposes, and he handed me a twenty pound note, in mistake for a five pound. He discovered the mistake before I did, and snatched it back again in some confusion."

"I can't give you that," he said, in a laughing manner, when he recovered himself. "That has a different destination." Arthur's note, rely upon it, was going to Mr. Galloway."

"When was this?" asked Arthur.

"Last week. Three or four days ago."

It startled Arthur. The curiously significant tone of Mr. Galloway, his piercing gaze upon his face, also startled him.

"It would bring no satisfaction, sir," he said. "Pray do not. I would far rather continue to bear the blame."

"But, sir, if he is innocent—who is guilty?" continued Mr. Galloway, in a tone of remonstrance.

"That is more than I can say," replied the Dean. "But for the circumstances appearing to point so strongly to Arthur Channing, I never could have suspected him at all; a son of Mr. Channing's would have been altogether above suspicion, in my mind; and, as I tell you, for some time I have not believed him to be guilty."

In good truth, Mr. Galloway had only mentioned Roland's name as coming uppermost in his mind. He knew that there was no suspicion attaching to Roland. Arthur resumed, in agitation—

"Let the matter drop, sir. Indeed, it will be better. It appears now that you have the money back again; and, for the rest, I am willing to take the blame, as I have done."

"A great deal of injustice is committed every day, I fear," quietly remarked the Dean.

"Tom Channing will have lost the seniorship for nothing!" went on Mr. Galloway, in a perturbed voice, not so much addressing the Dean, as giving vent to his thoughts aloud.

"Yes," was the answer, spoken calmly, and imparting no token of what might be cleared. He who was publicly accused of the offence was innocent, as were all others upon whom suspicion (though not acted upon) may have fallen. The writer of this alone took the note, and he now restores it."

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"Tom, Galloway, shut himself in the study to pursue his copying. It was the tea hour, and Sarah brought in the things. But neither Hamish nor Tom had come in, and Constance sat alone, deep in her unpleasant thoughts.

That it was Hamish who had now returned the money to Mr. Galloway, Constance could not entertain the slightest doubt. It had a very depressing effect upon her. It could not render worse what had previously happened; indeed, it rather increased it, inasmuch as it served to evince some remittance, some good feeling; but it made the suspicion against Hamish a certainty; and that was Constance's chief trouble.

"I say, what is it that's agate? He has been going into fits, pretty near, over some letter that came, asking me five hundred questions about it. What have you got to do with it? What does he want with you?"

"Somebody has been sending him the money back, Roland. It came in a letter."

Roland opened his eyes.

"What money?"

"The money that was lost. A twenty-pound note has come. He asked me whether it was the veritable note that was taken."

"A twenty-pound note come?" repeated Roland.

"It's true, Roland. It purports to be sent by the taker of the money for the purpose of clearing me."

Roland stood for a few moments, profound surprise on his face, and then began to execute a hornpipe of triumph amid the desks and stools of the office.

"I said it would come right some time, over and over again, I did! Give me your hand, old fellow! He's not such a bad trump, after all, that thief!"

"Hush, Roland! you'll be heard. It may not do me much good. Galloway seems to doubt me still."

"Doubt you still?" cried Roland, stopping short in his dance, and speaking in a very explosive tone. "Doubt you still? Why, what would he have?"

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IN MEMORIAM.

YOU THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"She is no more in is found in all the earth."
—
Oh, where is vain! No more is all the earth!
May she be found amid the youthful throng;
And never more to peaceful home and hearth
Will her sweet presence come with light and song.

No more in all the earth I ah, whether great
And whatever goes! Love hold her closely here—
Fond hearts are delicate,—and life is lone,—
No more in all the earth will she appear.

There fall like rain for her, yet maidens fair
Fill many a home with joyousness and mirth—
Maidens with laughing eyes and sunny hair,
But she may not be found in all the earth.

No more in all the earth! Oh, say not so!
For weeping friends one dark and dismal day
Bore her sweet form along with footstep slow,
And laid it softly in the grave away.

Then surely here she lies in sweet repose—
Our loved and lost—and on this grassy mound,
Where tenderly the drooping violet blows,
Fond search at last a resting place has found.

Ah, not even here—she is not here!—
A fresh o'er-aching heart with grief were given,
Did not sweet Hope arrive to check the tear,
Did not calm Faith look up and speak of Heaven.

And, oh, what is she there!—so guileless here,
So seemingly from imperfection free,
That even to envy's eye she did appear
A very lily in her purity.

What is she there—freed from the stains of earth?
Oh, let us weep no more, nor be cast down—
Our loss, to her is gain of priceless worth,
She shines a jewel in her bairon's crown.

Oh, blissful place! Oh, holy, happy hours!
Forever meet to be her dearest's guest;
What should we mourn as those who hopeless mourn,
That her young feet have early found their rest!

H. L.

THE TREASURE OF THE INCAS.

Going up and down, down and up, is the fate of the inhabitants of Quito, South America. The streets will not allow the use of vehicles; hence persons must go about afoot or on horseback. The principal streets open on to squares, among which the Plaza Mayor is the handsomest. Some of the churches contain handsome pictures, and to one of these churches—that of the Dolores de la Virgen—a curious history of the sixteenth century is attached, which we venture to quote for its novelty.

Captain Fernando Suarez had taken into his service an Indian, discarded by his relatives and repelled by all on account of his ugliness, which was comparable to that of the Fiend. He felt pity for the unfortunate man, had him christened, and taught him to read and write. Ere long the attachment of the master to his servant became so great that he treated him like his own son. The Indian, whose name was Cantuma, loved his benefactor as he would have done a tender and affectionate father.

Reverses of fortune fell on Suarez; crushed with debt, no other resource was left him but to sell his house, and then die in want. On seeing the captain reduced to this extremity, Cantuma said to him:

"You have no need to sell your house; merely have a subterranean vault made; I will go there alone, with the proper implements for melting metals, and supply you with enough gold to satisfy your creditors, and let you live in opulence; but, on two conditions, my excellent master."

"What are they, my son?"

"That you will not divulge to a soul that it is I who supply you with such wealth, nor will you try to discover whence I obtain it."

Suarez, convinced of the religious principles and probity of Cantuma, believed him no more capable of committing an action contrary to the law, than of forming a compact with Satan. He accepted the conditions, and swore to observe them scrupulously, in the presence of an image blessed by the Pope.—He thought, too, that since so much mystery was wanted, it would not be wise to call in workmen to make the vault.

"Let us make it ourselves," he said to the Indian.

Both set to work, and the job was soon finished. After his first solitary visit, Cantuma brought up a mass of melted gold, worth more than 100,000 piastres (\$20,000). Every body was amazed at seeing a ruined man not only get rid of his embarrassments, but display extraordinary munificence to monks and beggars. The respect with which he inspired all classes, however, checked the comments of the crowd. It was not so after his death. Cantuma, who became the heir of his master's fortune, surpassed even him in his pure donations and alms. Public curiosity insisted on knowing the source of such generosity, and the Indian, compelled to have an explanation with justice, answered as follows:

"Yes, I confess it; it was I who gave gold to Suarez and many others. The treasure is inexhaustible, but it costs me dear. I have signed a compact with the Fiend in my blood, and I obtain from him the power of giving such lavish bounty."

Such a confession, it might be supposed, would have brought the Indian before the Holy Office, but the pious use he made of his gold was taken into consideration. The Franciscans, whom he peculiarly favored, protected him, for they feared the loss of a splendid income. Still they exhorted him to break his impious compact; but he was too wise to do so, as he felt sure that when his money stopped, the monks would have no hesitation about sending him to the stake.

Cantuma braved, calmly and stoically, both aversion and pity. He laughed at those who declined his gifts, and told them they were

wrong; to those who accepted them—and all the priests were of the number—he remarked that the demon groaned at seeing the fruits of his toll pass into pious hands.

Thus lived Cantuma, distributing publicly and secretly a goodly number of thousands. At his death, which created an immense sensation, the religious orders proceeded with reliquaries and conjurations to defend his corpse against the infernal powers. When the house had been sprinkled with holy water all over, it was thoroughly searched; the vault was discovered, and in it lay piles of molten gold and Indian jewels prepared for the crucible.

The latter explained the fable by which the Spaniards had been duped. Cantuma indubitably procured them from some unknown hiding place. It was remembered that he was the son of Heraclius, the puissant Indian chief who buried the rich treasures of the Incas. It was from this source, then, that Cantuma drew his immense treasures, and carefully melted them down, inventing a fable not to set the Spaniards on the right track.

Great was the sorrow of the Franciscans at not having suspected this fact sooner. They would have overwhelmed the dying man with promises and threats, in order to become the legatees of the secret which the Indian bore with him to the tomb. His mode of acting, up to the last moment, led to the belief that the treasure of the Incas was far from being exhausted, but they sought for it in vain, and it has not yet been found. Still, the Franciscans thought themselves bound to rehabilitate Cantuma's memory, and secure his salvation with a part of his money. They published the narrative and founded a church, specially intended for Indians, and devoted to the Virgin of Sorrows, for she was the Madonna whom Cantuma had ever most fervently worshipped.

EFFECT OF SUNLIGHT ON HEALTH.

Seclusion from sunshine is one of the misfortunes of our civilized modes of life. The same cause which makes potato vines white and sickly when grown in dark cellars, operates to produce the pale, sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health and strength.

When in London, some years ago, I visited an establishment which had acquired a wide reputation for the cure of those diseases in which prostration and nervous derangement were prominent symptoms. I soon found the secret of success in the use made of sunlight. The slate roof had been removed, and a glass one substituted. The upper story was divided into sixteen small rooms, each one provided with a lounge, washing apparatus, etc. The patient, on entering each his little apartment, removed all his clothing, and exposed himself to the direct rays of the sun. Lying on the lounge, and turning over, from time to time, each and every part of the body was thus exposed to the life-giving rays of the sun. Several London physicians candidly confessed to me that many cases, which seemed waiting only for the shroud, were galvanized into life and health by this process.

But goats, like most other animals, prefer clean food, and will not devour all the above-mentioned things if a supply of more desirable edibles be at hand. In the winter, it is well to lay in a few hundred pounds of hay—second crop is preferable—a few carrots, and some fine feed. Indian meal is sometimes given to them, but it is too dry. They need water occasionally, but do not drink much.

The goat is one of the most hardy of our domestic animals, enduring easily all extremes of heat and cold. It needs the shelter of a shed or barn in wintry and stormy weather, and will lie anywhere on the floor, preferring a board to a bed. Its natural activity and nimbleness, together with a capricious disposition, fit this creature to enjoy a state of freedom. When roaming wild, on its native mountains, it loves to climb the most dangerous and inaccessible places, clinging on the verge of precipices by its wide-spreading and sharp-edged hoofs, and defying the pursuit of the hunter. This inclination it manifests in domestic life, by scaling sheds, walls, wood-piles, etc., with great agility. But the goat will bear confinement extremely well, continuing in good health, and yielding the usual quantity of milk. On shipboard it is healthier than any other domestic animal, and is highly valued on account of its sportiveness, its familiarity, and its ability to give milk upon such waste food as is there obtainable.

The milk of the female goat is sweet, rich and nourishing. It has the body and smoothness of cream, is viscid and strengthening, little productive of oil, but abundant in the matter of cheese. In tea and coffee it is far superior to cow's milk, and will go at least as far again in imparting color and flavor. In all kinds of cooking it is equally excellent. It has no peculiar or unpleasant taste, and is not affected by what the creature eats. Onion tops have been given to the females, by way of experiment, without imparting an oniony taste to the milk. I consider two pints of goat's milk to be as good in a family, in every way, as three pints of cow's milk.

For most feeble and sickly children, as well as those in health, it is invaluable. It does not tend to form curds in the stomach, as cow's milk does, and is therefore frequently prescribed by physicians in cases of extreme weakness. It is sold for this purpose in Salem at twenty-five cents a quart. Invalids abroad often resort to the mountainous districts of Ireland and Scotland to derive benefit from the use of this article, which is there known as "goat's whey." Mr. Colman noticed that the Irish mountaineers, about the Lake of Killarney, kept from one to thirty goats apiece, for the sake of the tourists to that delightful region. In Spain and Portugal, goats are abundant, and in Lisbon, their milk is more commonly used than that of cows. The goats in those countries are driven into the cities in the morning and milked at the doors of the houses. The district in France most celebrated for goats is the Canton Mont d'Or, where, in a space not exceeding two leagues (six miles) in diameter, upwards of eleven thousand are kept, chiefly to supply the city of Lyons with cheese. There are several other interesting particulars relative to the goat, which I will give in another paper.—Cor. N. E. Farmer.

ABOUT KEEPING GOATS.

Many persons who cannot conveniently keep a cow, would find it profitable to keep one or two common goats. They require but little care, may be supported at small cost, and yield a good supply of milk of superior quality. A goat, well kept, will yield from three pints to two quarts of milk daily, for a large part of the year, the quantity diminishing in the cold weather as the time of kidding approaches. It is much cheaper to keep a goat in town, than to pay a milkman, and families everywhere will find the milk very nutritive and wholesome, and especially good for children in most cases. An English writer estimates that two goats are equal to a small Shetland cow.

Goats may be very cheaply supported. If picketed in a pasture in warm weather, or allowed to be at large, they will pick up their own living, eating readily almost every sort of green thing. Grass, weeds, twigs or bushes, vegetables, fruits, nearly everything that grows, will suit their taste. They are fond of dry leaves, corn stalks, horse chestnuts, and even eat poisonous plants with impunity. If confined in a yard, or in closer quarters they will take the scraps and waste of the kitchen. Some persons allow them to feed out of the swill-pail, but this practice cannot be recommended. Cobbett says, in his "Cottage Economy."

"When I was in the army, in New Brunswick, where, be it observed, the snow lies on the ground seven months in the year, there were many goats that belonged to the regiment, and that went about with it on shipboard and everywhere else. Some of them had gone through nearly the whole of the American war. We never fed them. In summer they picked about wherever they could find grass; and in winter, they lived on cabbage-leaves, potato-peelings, and other things flung out of the soldiers' rooms and huts. One of these goats belonged to me, and on an average throughout the year, she gave me more than three half-pints of milk a day. I used to kill the kid killed when a few days old; and, for some time, the goat would give nearly, or quite, two quarts of milk a day. She was seldom dry more than three weeks in a year."

The same writer adds, that "goats will pick peelings out of the kennel and eat them. They will eat mouldy bread or biscuits; musty hay and rotten straw; furze-bushes, heath-thistles, and, indeed, what will they not eat, when they will make a hearty meal on paper, brown or white, printed on or not printed on, and give milk all the while?" I may add to Cobbett's list of odd delicacies, by stating that my own goats have gnawed smooth the rough sides of my pile of hemlock bark, and have cleaned out all the powder-post from the sills of the wood-shed!

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THE MODEL GENERAL.

BY MARSHAL MARMONT.

The General's Courage.—He is brave, and known to be so by his whole army; his courage cannot for a moment be questioned or become a matter of doubt. His valor is characterized by calmness and coolness, without, however, excluding, in certain circumstances, that dash and activity which are contagious and attractive. If his reputation, in this respect, is not sufficiently established, he should seek and seize an opportunity for fixing it upon an immovable foundation; otherwise he cannot exercise over Generals, officers, and soldiers, that power of respect and esteem indispensable to his success.

His Foresight.—He will ceaselessly bear in mind that a surprise never happens except as a consequence of culpable neglect, and that a General surprised is dishonored.

His Responsibility.—It is not only himself but his subordinates also, whom he must shelter from reproach, by preventing their mistakes.

Not a Writer.—Knowing the value of time, the only treasure which cannot be supplied, he will dispense with writing much himself, leaving this labor to those who, by explicit function, are charged with transmitting his orders. He will reserve to himself only the approval of their work. Never has a good General written much in war movements. It is the head which must then work, and not the hand. He employs his time more usefully in giving verbal instructions, in preserving freedom of mind to judge whether his intentions have been faithfully rendered, and in meditating upon new combinations.

His Activity.—His activity should be unbounded; his presence, often unexpected, will render every one fearful of being caught in fault; he will thus nourish the zeal of all.

His Hospitality.—A General should be as magnificent as his fortune will allow. His greatest luxury should consist in a large number of horses; he must have enough not to be hindered in any plane he may deem useful. He should have, as the next object of his magnificence, a mansion in which he can constantly dispense hospitality. Never should an officer come to his headquarters, on service, without receiving testimonials of it. It is, in the first place, a praiseworthy act in itself; for the staff officers, or officers separated from their corps, are in such unfortunate conditions as to living, that they would be reduced, if the General did not have a care of them, to a state of real want. To this humane consideration is joined another interest, which regards the good of the service itself. An officer, charged with dispatches, hastens his arrival when he knows beforehand the reception which awaits him. He quickens his march from affection for his commander and for himself. Time, always elsewhere useful, plays so important a part in war, that it must be every means be economized.

His Secretiveness.—All projects demand the profoundest secrecy; a General should never communicate them except to those charged with their execution, and at the very moment when their knowledge of them becomes necessary. How many enterprises, well conceived, have failed by reason of having been known to the enemy! Nothing, on the contrary, is more favorable to success than to allow an opposite opinion to the true one formed; it is by deceiving those who surround him that a General will make perfect health through the visitation.

A man with his wife and two sons lived under the anatomical rooms of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. They lived amidst the most reeking odors of putrefying flesh, but he never had any sickness in his family during the ten years.

During an epidemic fever in Spain in 1800, there were buried in Seville, 10,000 bodies in one burying ground, and 12,000 in three others. In Cadiz, also, equally extensive burials occurred, and in the spring the earth cracked open and emitted the most noisome odors. The churches were filled with these odors, but there was no epidemic in either city, nor any sickness traceable to this putrefaction.

In Smyrna, the French governor of the hospital said, that during an epidemic of plague, large numbers of dead bodies were laid in the burying grounds unburied, and that his house was rendered intolerable by the stench, but himself and family were in perfect health throughout the visitation.

During the manufacture of adipocere, at Compton, England, the entrails and useless parts of the carcasses of hundreds of animals were left around the factory, and the odors were horrible to the workmen, but during the years the men worked among these odors, there was not a case of sickness among the workmen.

Dr. Gordon gives an account of the stranding of a whale on the island of Santa Cruz. Its putrefaction loaded the air for weeks with the most offensive odors, but there was no sickness from the effluvia. Dr. Gordon also speaks of the putrefaction of one thousand barrels of beef on the same island, which gave rise to such odors that men were employed to throw the barrels into the sea. None of the people in the neighborhood, nor any of the men employed in removing the nuisance, had any sickness.

In various parts of this country myriads of fish are strewn over the land for manure, which load the air with flagrant odor, but no case of fever nor any form of pestilence has ever been known to spring from this source.

MARRIAGE OF DAUGHTERS.—Nature has so knit the mind and body together, that they act and react upon each other. Who has not felt that the state of health gives a coloring to everything that happens to him? One man, whose health is depressed, sees his own fire-side, that used to burn so cheerfully, only colored with gloom and sadness. Another, of a bright and joyous mind, in the full vigor of health, will go forth, and the very wilderness to that man's eye will rejoice, and the very wildness to his view will blossom as the rose, and the saddest strains of Nature will sound to him the most joyous and brilliant. A sufferer goes out and looks on Nature, and its roses all become thorns, its myrtles all look like briars, all the sweetest minstrelsy of the grove and forest sound to him like a wild wailing minor running through all the sounds of Nature.

"In the great number of conversions, (said Horace Mann), *the stomach is the last member which is converted; and while the soul is wholly sanctified, the stomach often remains a heathen barbarian.*

"A father who was about to send his son to one of our universities remarked to a friend that the youth possessed every requisite fitting him for college, except genius and application.

"Rich men have commonly more need

to be taught contentment than the poor, because all men's expectations grow faster than their fortunes.

We all know that there are great and important things in which the world thinks wrongly; take issue with the world, if you like; but it is not worth while to do so in small matters of dress and behaviour. It is not worth while to take a

TO-DAY'S CROSS.

Zeal in one duty will not me excuse
For leaving some less pleasant task undone;
It is not given me my cross to choose—
Which trial to accept and which to shun.

It may be good, this work which I fulfill,
Nor taken up the applause of men to gain;
While I, condemned at heart, am consciousness
That my true burden doth untouched remain.

God only can the secret motive view,
The unknown thought which prompts the act
within.

And much that man admires as pure and true,
He sees to have its hidden birth in sin.

Oh, that I might the narrow pathway tread,
A steadfast follower of the Heavenly Guide,
Where He would lead me, willing to be led,
Though humbling off those leadings to my pride!

Then have I walked at times, and ever found
My happiest hours upon that blood-stained road;

There fruits of peace and flowers of hope abound,

And there my cross becomes an easy load.

But presently the weakness of my faith,
Or fears to meet and brave the scorn of men,
Do tempt me to forsake that lowly path;

And then the cross doth weigh me down again.

Saviour! Thou canst the needful strength bestow,
My triumph in each conflict to secure;

But I, who well the victory's sweetnes know,

Cannot, alone, its lightest toils endure.

Then hear me, oh, my Saviour! while I pray
For grace to follow on and do Thy will;

That this day's cross I may take up to-day,

And this day's journey, ere 'tis night, fulfill.

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "DANSECRY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A LETTER FOR MR. GALLOWAY.

The letter bore the London post-mark. Morning passed into afternoon, and afternoon was drawing towards its close. Roland Yorke had contrived to struggle through it, and be alive still, in spite of the amount of work which was pressed upon him. Mr. Galloway had put on his spectacles and copied out several pages himself—a thing he rarely attempted. But he had gone out now, and had carried with him some letters to post.

"Yes!" grumbled Roland. "He can stretch his legs, but he takes good care I shall not stretch mine! Why couldn't he send me with those letters? It's my place to post them; it's not his. Write, write, write till my fingers have got the cramp, and my feet have no more feeling in them than the stool has! Why, I wouldn't stop by myself in this horrid, musty, parchmented old place—Oh, it's you, is it?"

This was addressed to the postman, who came in with the afternoon delivery of letters—two, which he handed to Roland, and departed.

Of course Roland immediately began to scrutinize them; turning them over; critically guessing at the senders; playing with them at pitch and toss—anything to while away the time, and afford him some cessation from his own work. By these means he contrived to pass five minutes rather agreeably (estimating things by comparison), when Mr. Galloway's servant entered.

"Is my master in, Mr. Roland?"

"Of course he's not," said Roland. "He's gone gallivanting somewhere. He has all the pleasure of it, and I have all the work."

"Will you please to give him this letter, then?" said the man. "The post has just left it at our house, so I brought it round."

"What's it brought round here for?" asked Roland.

"Because he ordered it done. He said he expected a letter would be delivered at the house by the afternoon post, and if it came I was to bring it to him at once. Good afternoon, sir."

This little bit of information was quite enough for Roland. He seized the letter, as he had done the others, and subjected it to like scrutiny. The address was written in a singular hand; in large, printing-looking letters. Roland satisfied his curiosity, so far as the outside of the letter could do it, and then rose from his stool and laid the three letters upon Mr. Galloway's desk in his private room.

A short while, and that gentleman enquired.

"Anything by the post?" was his first question.

"Two letters, sir," replied Roland. "And John brought round one, which was addressed to the house. He said you expected it."

Mr. Galloway went into his private room. He glanced casually at the address on the letters, and then called Roland Yorke.

"Where is the letter John brought round?" he inquired, somewhat testily.

Roland pointed it out.

"That was all, sir."

"That?" Mr. Galloway bent on it a keen glance, which probably satisfied him that it bore his private address. "Was this the only one he brought?" added he; and from his manner and words Roland inferred that it was not the letter he had expected.

"That was all, sir."

Roland returned to his own room, and Mr. Galloway sat down and opened his letters. The first two were short communications relative to business; the last was the one brought by John.

What did it contain? For one thing, it contained a bank-note for £20. But the contents? Mr. Galloway gazed at it, and rubbed his brow, and graced again. He took off his spectacles, and put them on; looked over the bank-note, and he read and re-read

the letter; for it completely upset the theory and set at nought the data he had been going upon; especially the date of the last few hours.

"The finder of that lost £20 note sends it back to Mr. Galloway. His motive in doing so is, that the wrongly suspected may be cleared. He who was publicly accused of the offence was innocent, as were all others upon whom suspicion (though not acted upon) may have fallen. The writer of this alone took the note, and he now restores it."

Abrupt and signatures, such was the letter. When Mr. Galloway had sufficiently overcome his surprise to reason rationally, it struck him as being a singular coincidence that this should come to him the day when the old affair had been renewed again. Since its bustle had died out at the time of the occurrence, Mr. Galloway did not remember to have voluntarily spoken of it, until that morning with Roland Yorke.

He took up the bank-note. Was it the one presently taken—the same note—kept, possibly, in fear, and now returned? He had no means of knowing. He thought it was not the same. His recollection of the loss had seemed to be that it was a dirty note, which must have passed through many hands; but he had never been quite clear upon that point. This note was clean and crisp.

Who had taken it? Who had sent it back? It is entirely disposed of that disagreeable suspicion touching his cousin. Had his cousin so far forgotten himself as to take the note, he would not have been likely to return it: As knew nothing of the proceedings which had taken place in Hestonleigh, for Mr. Galloway had never mentioned them to him. The writer of this letter was cognizant of them, and had seen it that they might be removed.

At the first glance it, of course, it appeared to be a positive proof that Arthur Channing was not guilty. But Mr. Galloway was not accustomed to take only the superficial view of things: and it struck him as it would strike others, that this might be, after all, a refined bit of finesse on Arthur's own part to remove the suspicion of himself. True, the cost of essaying it was twenty pounds; but what was that, compared in value to the restoration of his good name?

The letter bore the London post-mark. There was not a doubt that it had been there posted. That told nothing. Arthur, or anybody else, could get a letter posted there, if wishing to do it; "where there's a will, there's a way," thought Mr. Galloway. But again, where was Arthur Channing to get twenty pounds from? Mr. Galloway did not think that he could get it from anywhere, or that he possessed himself a twentieth part of it. So far, the probability was against Arthur's being the author. Mr. Galloway quite lost himself in conjectures. Why should it have been addressed to his residence, and not to the office? He had been expecting a letter from one, that afternoon, who always did address to his residence; and that letter, it appeared, had not come. However, that had nothing to do with this. Neither paper nor writing afforded any clue, and the latter was palpably disguised.

He called in Roland Yorke for the purpose of putting him to a few useless questions—like a great many of us do when we are puzzled—questions at any rate, that could throw no light upon the main subject.

"What did John say, when he brought this letter?"

"Only what I told you, sir. That you expected a letter addressed to the house, and ordered him to bring it round."

"But this is not the letter I expected," tapping it with his finger, and looking altogether so puzzled and astonished, that Roland stared in his turn.

"It's not my fault," returned Roland. "Shall I run round, sir, and ask John about it?"

"No," testily answered Mr. Galloway.

"Don't be so fond of running round. This letter—There's somebody come into the office," he broke off.

Roland turned with ascrity, but very speedily appeared again, on his best behaviour, bowing as he showed the Dean of Hestonleigh.

Mr. Galloway rose, and remained standing. The Dean entered upon the business which had brought him there, a trifling matter connected with the affairs of the chapter. This over, Mr. Galloway took up the letter and showed it to him. The Dean read it, and looked at the bank-note.

"I cannot quite decide in what light I ought to take it, sir," remarked Mr. Galloway.

"It either refutes the suspicion of Arthur Channing's guilt, or else it confirms it."

"In what way confirms it? I do not understand you," said the Dean.

"It may have come from himself, Mr. Dean. A wheel within a wheel."

The Dean paused to revolve the proposition, and then shook his head negatively.

"It appears to me to go a very great way towards proving his innocence," he observed.

"The impression upon my own mind has been, that it was not he who took it—as you may have inferred, Mr. Galloway, by my allowing him to retain his post in the cathedral."

"But, sir, if he is innocent, who is guilty?" continued Mr. Galloway, in a tone of remonstrance.

"That is more than I can say," replied the Dean. "But for the circumstances appearing to point so strongly to Arthur Channing, I never could have suspected him at all; a son of Mr. Channing's would have been altogether above suspicion, in my mind; and, as I tell you, for some time I have not believed him to be guilty."

"If he is not guilty—" Mr. Galloway paused; the full force of what he was about to say pressing strongly upon his mind—"if he is not guilty, Mr. Dean, there has been a great deal of injustice done—not only to himself."

"A great deal of injustice is committed every day, I fear," quietly remarked the Dean.

"Let the matter drop, sir. Indeed, it will be better. It appears now that you have the money back again; and, for the rest, I am willing to take the blame, as I have done."

"If I have the money back again, I have not other things back again," crossly repeated

Constance Channing will have lost the seniorship for nothing!" went on Mr. Galloway, in a perturbed voice, not so much addressing the Dean, as giving vent to his thoughts alone.

"Yes," was the answer, spoken calmly, and imparting no token of what might be the Dean's private sentiments upon the point. "You will see to that matter," the Dean continued, referring to his own business there, as he rose from his chair.

"And whose the fault? If you were truly innocent, you might have cleared yourself with a word."

Arthur knew he might. But that word he had not dared to speak. At this juncture Roland Yorke appeared.

"Here's Jenner's old clerk come in, sir," said he to his master. "He wants to see you, sir."

"He can come in," replied Mr. Galloway. "Are you getting on with that copying?" he added, to Arthur, as the latter was going out.

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman, whom Roland Yorke designated as "Jenner's old clerk," was shut in with Mr. Galloway; and Roland who appeared to be on the thumbs of curiosity, arrested Arthur.

"I say, what is it that's agate? He has been going into fits, pretty near, over some letter that came, asking me five hundred questions about it. What have you got to do with it? What does he want with you?"

"Somebody has been sending him the money back, Roland. It came in a letter."

Roland opened his eyes.

"What money?"

"The money that was lost. A twenty-pound note has come. He asked me whether it was the veritable note that was taken."

"A twenty-pound note come?" repeated Roland.

"It's true, Roland. It purports to be sent by the taker of the money for the purpose of clearing me."

Roland stood for a few moments, profound surprise on his face, and then began to execute a hornpipe of triumph amid the desks and stools of the office.

"I said it would come right some time, over and over again, I did! Give us your hand, old fellow! He's not such a bad trump, after all, that thief!"

"Hugh, Roland! You'll be heard. It may not do much good. Galloway seems to doubt me still."

"Doubt you still?" cried Roland, stopping short in his dance, and speaking in a very explosive tone. "Doubt you still! Why, what would he have?"

"I don't know," sighed Arthur. "I have assured him I did not send it, but he fancies I may have done it to whitewash myself. He talks of calling in Butterby again."

"My opinion, then, is, that he wants to be transported, if he is to turn up such a hen-pecked as that!" stamped Roland. "What would he have, I ask? Another twenty given him for interest? Arthur, dear old fellow, let's go off together to Port Natal, and leave him and his office to it! I'll find the means, if I rob his cash-box to get them!"

But Arthur was already beyond hearing, having waved his adieu to Roland Yorke and his impudent but warm-hearted champion. Anxious to get on with the task he had undertaken, he hastened home. Constance was in the hall when he entered, having just returned from Lady Augusta Yorke's. His confidant throughout, his gentle soother and supporter, his ever ready adviser, Arthur drew her into one of the rooms, and acquainted her with what had occurred. A look of terror rose to her face, as she listened.

"Hamish has done it!" she uttered, in a whisper. "This puts all doubt at an end. There are times—there have been times"—she burst into tears as she spoke—"when I have fondly tried to cheat myself that we were suspecting him wrongfully. Arthur, others suspect him."

Arthur's face caught the same look that was upon hers.

"I trust not!"

"But they do. Ellen Huntley has dropped an inadvertent word which convinced me he is in some way doubtful there. She caught it up again in evident alarm, ere it was well spoken; and I dared not pursue the subject. It is Hamish who has sent this money."

"Hamish has done it!" she uttered, in a whisper. "This puts all doubt at an end. There are times—there have been times"—she burst into tears as she spoke—"when I have fondly tried to cheat myself that we were suspecting him wrongfully. Arthur, others suspect him."

"It is not for Charley; I do not speak of Charley now," she sadly reiterated. "You are straying from the point. Hamish, have you no love left for Arthur?"

"I have plenty of love for everybody," said Mr. Hamish.

"Hamish!" she exclaimed, the complaint wrung from her, "how can you be so light, so cruel, when our hearts are breaking?"

Hamish in turn was surprised at this. "I, cruel! In what manner, Constance? My dear, I repeat to you that we shall have Charley back. I feel sure of it; and it has done away with my fear. Some inward conviction, or instinct—you may call it which you like—tells me that we shall; and I implicitly trust to it. We need not mourn for him."

"It is not for Charley; I do not speak of Charley now," she sadly reiterated. "You are straying from the point. Hamish, have you no love left for Arthur?"

"From Germany?" she quickly cried.

"Yes, from Germany," he answered, taking a letter from his pocket, and spreading it open before Constance.

It contained the bravest news; great news, as Hamish expressed it. It was from Mr. Channing himself, and it told them he was so restored that there was no doubt now of his being able to resume his own place in the office. They intended to be home the first week in November. The weather at Borcette continued warm and charming, and they would prolong their stay there to the full time contemplated, and enjoy the benefit of it. It had been a fine autumn everywhere. There was a postscript added to the letter, as if an afterthought had occurred to Mr. Channing:

"I cannot help it," she exclaimed, with a burst of anguish. "How God is trying us!"

"Is it like the silver, which must be seven times purified, ere it be sufficiently refined?"

Constance Channing sat, her forehead buried in her hands. *How God is trying us!*

Constance lost sight partially of her sadness.

"It is not all gloom," she whispered to herself. "If we could but dwell on God's mercies as we do on His chastisements; if we could but feel more trust, we should see

the bright side of the cloud oftener than we do."</p

counter them. I do not affect to disparage them to you; I know that they are real trials, real insults; but if you will only make up your mind to bear them, they will lose half their sharpness. Your interest lies in remaining in the college school; more than that, your duty lies in it. Tom, don't let it be said that a Channing shrank from his duty because it brought him difficulties."

"I don't think I can stop in it, Hamish. I'd rather stand in a pillory and have rotten eggs cast at me."

"Yes, you can. In fact, my boy, for the present you must. Disobedience has never been a fault among us, and I am sure you will not be the one to inaugurate it. Your father left me in charge, in his place, with full control; and I cannot sanction any such measure as that of your quitting the school. In less than a month's time he will be home, and you can then submit the case to him and abide by his advice."

With all Tom's faults, he was not rebellious, neither was he unreasonable; and he made up his mind, not without some grumbling, to do as Hamish desired him. He drew his chair with a jerk to the tea-table, which of course there was no necessity for. I told you that the young Channings, admirably as they had been brought up, had their faults; like you have yours, and I have mine."

It was a silent meal. Amabel, who was wont to keep them alive, whatever might be their trouble, had remained to tea at Lady Augusta York's, with Caroline and Fanny. Had Constance known that she was in the habit of thoughtlessly chattering upon any subject that came uppermost, including poor Charlie's propensity to be afraid of ghosts, she had allowed her to remain with them more charily. Hamish took a book and read, eating his bread-and-butter silently. Arthur only made a show of taking anything, and soon left them, to resume his employment; Tom did not even make a show of it, but unequivocally rejected all good things. "How could he be hungry?" he asked, when Constance pressed him. An unusual meal it was—an unpleasant meal as were their inward thoughts. They felt for Tom, in the midst of their grave grief; but they were all at cross purposes together, and they knew it; therefore they could only retain an uncomfortable silence one with another. Tom laid the blame to the share of Arthur; Arthur and Constance to the share of Hamish. To whom Hamish laid it, was only known to himself.

He, Hamish, rose as the ten things were carried away. He was preparing for a visit to Mr. Huntley's. His visits there, as already remarked, had not been frequent of late. He had discovered that he was not welcome to Mr. Huntley. And Hamish Channing was not one to thrust his company upon any one: even the attraction of Ellen could not induce that. But it is very probable that he was glad of the excuse Mr. Channing's letter afforded him to go thither now.

He found Miss Huntley alone; a tall, stiff lady, who always looked as if she were cased in whalebone. She generally regarded Hamish with some favor, which was saying a great deal for Miss Huntley.

"You are quite a stranger here," she remarked to him as he entered.

"I think I am," replied Hamish. "Mr. Huntley is still in the dining-room, I hear."

"Mr. Huntley is," said the lady, speaking as if the fact did not give her pleasure, though Hamish could not conceive why. "My niece has chosen to remain with him," she added, in a tone which denoted displeasure. "I am quite fond of talking to her! I tell her this is proper, and the other is improper, and she goes and mixes up my advices together in the most extraordinary way, leaving alone what she ought to do, and doing what I tell her she ought not! Only this very morning I read her a sermon upon 'Purity, and the fitness of things.' It took me just an hour—an hour by my watch, I assure you, Mr. Hamish Channing!—and what is the result? I retired from the dinner-table precisely ten minutes after the removal of the cloth, according to my invincible custom; and Ellen, in defiance of my warning her that it is not lady-like, stays there behind me! I have not eaten my grapes yet, aunt," she says to me. And there she stays, just to talk with her father. And he encourages her! What will become of Ellen! I cannot imagine; she will never be a lady!"

"It's very sad!" repeated Hamish, coughing down a laugh, and putting on the gravest face he could call up.

"Sad!" repeated Miss Huntley, who sat perfectly upright, her hands clasped in mittens, crossed upon her lap. "It is grievous, Mr. Hamish Channing! She—what do you think she did only yesterday? One of our maids was going to be married, and a dispute, or some unkindness, occurred between her and the intended husband. Would you believe that Ellen actually wrote a letter for the girl's poor ignorant thing, who never learnt to read, let alone to write, but an excellent servant to this man, that things might be smoothed between them? My niece, Miss Ellen Huntley, lowering herself to write—a—a—I can scarcely allow my tongue to utter the word, Mr. Hamish—a love-letter!"

Miss Huntley lifted her eyes, and her mittens. Hamish expressed himself incomprehensibly shocked, inwardly wishing he could get Miss Ellen Huntley to write a few to him!

"And I get no sympathy from any one!" pursued Miss Huntley; "none! I spoke to my brother, and he could not see that she had done anything wrong in writing, or pretended that he could not. Oh, dear how things are altered from what they were when I was a young girl! Then—"

"My master says, will you please to walk into the dining-room, sir?" interrupted a servant at this juncture. And Hamish rose and followed him.

Mr. Huntley was above. Hamish threw his glance to the various parts of the room, but Ellen was not in it. The meeting was not very cordial on Mr. Huntley's side.

"What can I do for you?" he inquired, as he shook hands. Which was sufficient to imply coldly, "You must have come to my

house for some particular purpose. What is it?"

But Hamish could not lose his sunny temperament, his winning manner.

"I bring you great news, Mr. Huntley. We have heard from Becton, and the importance in my father's health is so great, that your duty lies in it. Tom, don't let it be said that a Channing shrank from his duty because it brought him difficulties."

"I said it would be so," replied Mr. Huntley.

Some little time they continued talking, and then Hamish mentioned the matter alluded to in the postscript of the letter.

"Is it correct that you will be able to help me to something?" he inquired, "when my father shall resume his own place in Grafton Street?"

"It is correct that I told your father so," answered Mr. Huntley. "I thought then that I could."

"And is the situation gone? I assume that it was a situation."

"It is not gone. The post will not be vacant until the beginning of the year. Have you heard that there is to be a change in the joint stock bank?"

"No," replied Hamish, looking up with much interest.

"Mr. Bartlett leaves. He is getting in years, his health is failing him, and he wishes to retire. As one of the largest shareholders in the bank, I shall possess the largest voice in the appointment of a successor, and I had thought of you being a thief." Her whole spirit would have revolted from that, as much as it did from the accusation. The subject was a painful one; she was flurried at the sudden meeting—the stealthy meeting, it may be said; and she burst into tears.

Hamish left the room. The hall had not yet been lighted, and Hamish could hardly see the outline of a form crossing it from the staircase to the drawing-room. He knew whose it was, and he caught hold of it.

"Ellen," he whispered, "what has turned your father against me?"

Of course she could not enlighten him; she could not say to Hamish Channing, "He suspects you of being a thief." Her whole spirit would have revolted from that, as much as it did from the accusation. The subject was a painful one; she was flurried at the sudden meeting—the stealthy meeting, it may be said; and she burst into tears.

"Ellen! they shall never take you from me!"

night, sir. By the way," added Hamish, turning as he reached the door, "Mr. Galloway has got that money back again."

"What money?" cried Mr. Huntley.

"That which is lost. A twenty-pound note came to him in a letter by this afternoon's post. The letter states that Arthur, and all others who may have been accused, are innocent."

"Oh, indeed!" cried Mr. Huntley, with cutting sarcasm, as the conviction flashed over him that Hamish, and no other, had been the sender. "The thief has come to his senses at last, has he? So far as to render lame justice to Arthur."

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"Ellen! they shall never take you from me!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MUFFINS FOR TEA?

A week or two passed by, and November was rapidly approaching. Things remained precisely as they were at the close of the last chapter; nothing fresh had occurred; no change had taken place. Tom Channing's remark, though much cannot be said for its elegance, was indisputable in point of truth—that when a fellow was down, he was kept down, and every dog had ding at him. It was being exemplified in the case of Arthur. The money, so mysteriously conveyed to Mr. Galloway, had proved of little service towards clearing him; in fact, it had the contrary effect; and people openly expressed their opinion that it had come from himself or his friends. He was *down*; and it would take more than that to lift him up again. Mr. Galloway kept his thoughts to himself, or had put them into his cash box with the note, for he said nothing. Roland Yorke did not imitate his example; he was nearly as explosive over the present matter as he had been over the loss. It would have pleased him that Arthur should be announced innocent by public proclamation. Roland was in a most explosive frame of mind on another score, and that was the confinement to the office. In reality, he was not overworked; for Arthur managed to get through a good amount of it at his home, which he took in regularly, morning after morning, to Mr. Galloway. The way lay past Mrs. Jenkins's shop, which the maid bad, for the hour, been left to attend to. She was doing it from a leaf taken out of Roland's own book—standing outside the door, and gazing all ways. It struck Roland that he could not do better than pay Jenkins a visit, just to ascertain how long he meant to absent himself. In he darted, with his usual scant hesitation, and went on to the parlor. There was no hurry for the letters; the post did not close till nine.

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ries of Port Natal, and Roland's recent adventure with Hopper. Had anything been wanted to put the finishing touch to Roland's resolution, that little adventure would have supplied it.

It was past ten when he returned home.—The noisy throng had dispersed then, all save Gerald. Gerald had just accomplished his tasks, and was now gracefully enjoying a little repose before the fire; his head on the back of my lady's low embroidered chair, and his feet extended on either side.

"What's for supper?" asked Roland, turning his eyes on the cloth, which bore traces of a party, and not a scrupulously tidy one, had already partaken of that meal.

"Bones," said Gerald.

"Bones?" echoed Roland. "They made a show of broiling some, down stairs, but they took good care to eat off the meat first. Where all the meat goes to, in this house, I can't think! If it's good half of the leg of mutton didn't go down from dinner to-day, I possessed no eyes."

"They are not going to put me off with bones," said Roland, ringing the bell.—"When a man's worked within an acre of his life, he must eat." Martha—when the maid appeared—"I want some supper."

"There's no meat in the house, sir. There were some broiled bo—"

"You may eat the bones yourself," interrupted Roland. "I never saw such a house as this! Loads of provisions come into it, and yet there's rarely anything to be had when it's wanted. You must go and order me some oysters. Get four dozen. I am furnished. If I hadn't had a substantial tea supplied me out of charity, I should be fainting before this! It's a shame! I wonder my lady puts up with you two incapable servants."

"There are no oysters to be had at this time, Mr. Roland," returned Martha, who was accustomed to these interludes, touching the housekeeping. "The shop shut up at ten."

Roland beat on the floor with the heel of his boot. Then he turned round fiercely to Martha.

"Is there nothing in the house that's eatable?"

"There's an apple pie, sir."

"Bring that, then. And while I am going into it, the cook can do me some eggs and ham."

Gerald had turned round at this, angry in his turn.

"If there's an apple pie, Martha, why could you not have produced it for our supper? You know we were obliged to put up with cheese and butter!"

The cook told me not to bring it up, Master Gerald. My lady gave no orders—Cook says if she made ten pies a day, they'd get eaten, once you young gentlemen knew of their being in the house."

"Well?" said Gerald. "She doesn't provide them out of her pocket."

Roland paid his court to the apple pie, Gerald joining him. After it was finished, they kept the cook employed some time with the eggs and ham. Then Gerald, who had to be up betimes for morning school, went to bed; and I only hope he did not get the nightmare.

Roland took up his place before the fire in the same chair and position vacated by Gerald. Thus he waited for Lady Augusta. It was not long before she came in.

"Come and sit down, bit, good mother," said Roland. "I want to talk to you."

"My dear, I am not in a talking humor," she answered. "My head aches, and I shall be glad to get to bed. It was a stupid, humdrum evening."

She was walking to the side-table to light her bed candle, but Roland interposed. He drew the couch close to the fire, settled his mother in it, and took his seat with her. She asked what he had to say so particularly that night.

"I am going to tell you what it is. But don't you fly out at me, mother dear," he coaxedly added. "I find I can't get along here at all, mother, and I shall be off to Port Natal."

Lady Augusta did fly out—with a scream, and a start from her seat. Roland pulled her into it again.

"Now, mother, just listen to me quietly. I can't bear my life at Galloway's. I can't do the work. If I stopped at it, I'm not sure but I should do something desperate. You'd not like to see your son turn jockey, and ride in a pink silk jacket and yellow breeches on the race course; and you'd not like to see him enlist for a soldier, or run away for a sailor? Well, worse than that might come, if I stopped at Galloway's. Taking it at the very best, I should only get worked into my grave."

"I will not hear another word, Roland," interrupted Lady Augusta. "How can you be so wicked and ungrateful?"

"I shall, whether you say it or not," replied Frank Roland. "And when I come home with my pockets lined, a rich man for life, the first thing I'll buy shall be a case of diamonds for you."

"Stupid boy!" said she, laughing. "I shall be too old to wear diamonds then."

"Oh, no, you won't!" My lady gave him a hearty kiss, and went to bed and to sleep. The visions of Roland were not without their effect upon her, and she had a most delightful dream of driving about in a charming city, whose streets were paved with malachite marble, brilliant to up. How many times Roland had dreamt that Port Natal was paved with gold, he alone knew.

Had Roland been troubled with over-sensitivity in regard to other people's feelings, and felt himself at a loss how to broach the matter to Mr. Galloway, he might have been pleased to find that the way was, in a degree, paved to him. On the following morning, Mr. Galloway was at the office considerably before his usual hour; consequently, before Roland Yorke. Upon looking over Roland's work of the previous day, he found that a deed—a deed that was in a hurry, too—had

been imperfectly drawn out, and would have to be done over again. The cause must have been sheer carelessness, and Mr. Galloway naturally felt angered. When the gentleman arrived, he told him what he thought of his conduct, winding up the reproaches with a declaration that Roland did him no service at all, and would be as well out of the office as it.

"I am glad of that, sir," was Roland's answer. "What I was about to tell you will make no difference, then. I wish to leave, that I owe money to."

"They'll be coming upon me," interposed Lady Augusta. "Heaven knows, I have enough to pay."

"They will do nothing of the sort," said Roland. "You have no legal right to pay my debts. Not one of them but has been contracted since I was of age. If they come to you, tell them so."

"Roland, Lord Carrick gave you money once or twice when he was here," resumed Lady Augusta. "I know he did. What have you done with it?"

"To make my fortune," replied Roland. "Oh!" said Mr. Galloway. "When do you start?"

"It is quite true, sir," continued Roland. "Of course, I could not go without informing you."

"Do you start to-day?" repeated Mr. Galloway, in the same mocking tone.

"No, I don't," said Roland; "but I shall start, sir, before long, and I beg you to believe me. I have told Lady Augusta over to the plan, and I shall get the money for it from Lord Carrick. I might drum on here all my life, and never rise to be anything better than a proctor, besides having my life worked out of me; whereas, if I can get to Port Natal, my fortune's made. Hundreds and thousands of enterprising spirits are emigrating there, and they are all going to make their fortunes."

Had Mr. Galloway not been angry, he would have laughed outright.

"Yorke," said he, "did you ever hear of a sickness that fell suddenly upon this kingdom some years ago? It was called the gold fever. Hundreds and thousands, as you please it, caught the mania, and flocked out to the Australian gold-diggings, to 'make their fortunes' by picking up gold. Boy" laying his hand on Roland's shoulder, "how many of those, think you, instead of making their fortunes, only went out to DIE?"

"That was not Port Natal, sir."

"But in what manner are these great fortunes made?" wondered Lady Augusta.

"Of course, I shall acquire all that information. Stick in this know-nothing Helstoneleigh, I can only state the fact that they are mad. I dare say I can find an opening for one or two of the boys out there."

Lady Augusta—persuadable as ever was a child—began to look upon the plan with less prejudiced eyes—as Roland would have styled it. As to Roland, so fully had he become imbued with the golden harvest to be gathered at Port Natal, that had an angel descended to undeceive him, he would have refused to listen.

"If one does not get 'off,' returned Roland," said Lady Augusta, hesitating whether she should scold or cry.

"Law, what's that?" returned Roland, slightly. "You'll get over that in a day, and return thanks that there's one source of trouble less. Look here! If I were in the luck of having a good commission given me in some crack Indian regiment, would you not say, 'Oh, be joyful' and start me off at once? What are you the worse for George's being away? Mother," he added, somewhat pensively, "would you like to see me fitted down for life to an old proctor's office?"

"But, Roland, you cannot go out without money. There'll be your outfit and your passage; and you can't land with empty pockets."

"As to an outfit," said Roland, "you must not run your head upon such a one as George had. A few new shirts, and a pair or two of water-proof boots, that will be about all I shall want. I remember shirts and water-proof boots were mentioned by Bagshaw.—What I shall mostly want to buy will be tools, and household utensils: frying-pans and items of that sort."

"Frying-pans!" ejaculated Lady Augusta. "I am sure frying-pans were mentioned," answered Roland. "Perhaps it was only one, though, for private use. I'll hunt up Bagshaw's list, and look over it."

"And where's the money to come from?" repeated my lady.

"I shall get it of Lord Carrick. I know he'll give me what I want. I often talked to him about Port Natal when he was here."

"I had a letter from him to-day," said Lady Augusta. "He will be returning to Ireland next week."

"Will he, though?" uttered Roland, aroused by the information. "I have no time to lose, then!"

"Well, Roland, I must hear more about this-morrow, and consider it over," said my lady, rising to retire. "I have not said yet you are to go, mind."

"I shall, whether you say it or not," replied Frank Roland. "And when I come home with my pockets lined, a rich man for life, the first thing I'll buy shall be a case of diamonds for you."

"Stupid boy!" said she, laughing. "I shall be too old to wear diamonds then."

"Oh, no, you won't!" My lady gave him a hearty kiss, and went to bed and to sleep. The visions of Roland were not without their effect upon her, and she had a most delightful dream of driving about in a charming city, whose streets were paved with malachite marble, brilliant to up. How many times Roland had dreamt that Port Natal was paved with gold, he alone knew.

Lady Augusta gave another shriek.

"And there's a third reason why I wish to be away," went on Roland, drowning the noise. "But I'll not go into that, because it concerns myself alone."

Of course, the announcement that it concerned himself alone, only made my lady the more inquisitive to hear it. She peremptorily ordered Roland to disclose it to her.

But Roland could be as peremptory as she, and he declined, in positive terms, to explain further.

"It would not afford you any pleasure, mother," he said, "and I should not have mentioned it but as an additional reason why I must be off."

"You unhappy boy! You have been doing something dreadful!"

"It's not over good," acknowledged Roland. "Perhaps I'll write you word all about it from London. I have not smothered William Yorke, or set old Galloway's office on

fire, and those respected gentlemen are my two best friends. So don't look so scared, mother."

"Roland!" uttered Lady Augusta, as the fact struck her, "if you go off in this manner, all the money that was paid with you to Mr. Galloway will be lost! I might as well have sent it down the gutter."

"So I said at the time," answered cool Roland. "Never mind that, mother. What's the back of my lady's low embroidered chair, and his feet extended on either side.

"I am glad of that, sir," was Roland's answer. "What I was about to tell you will make no difference, then. I wish to leave, that I owe money to."

"They'll be coming upon me," interposed Lady Augusta. "Heaven knows, I have enough to pay."

"Do you?" retorted Mr. Galloway.

"I am going to leave, sir," added Roland, rather improving upon the assertion. "I am going to New York."

Mr. Galloway was a little taken aback.

"Going to where?" cried he.

"To Port Natal."

"To Port Natal?" echoed Mr. Galloway.

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Wit and humor.

MY COURTSHIP.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

There was many affectin' tie which made me banker after Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined ours; their cows and ours squenched their thurst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their foreheads; the moon broke out in both fanneries at nearly the same period; our parrots (Betsy's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same mossy house, and the nature used to observe,—“How thick the ‘Wards’ and the Powells air!” It was a sunshiny sight, in the spring of the year, to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so that they couldn't sile 'em, effectinly Billin' sope together & aboutin' the tubers.

Altho I hankered intensely after the object of my affectin'ness, I daresay it was the fess that was raius in my manly bosom. I'd try to do it, but my tung would kerwlop up agin the roof of my mouth & stick ther, like doth to a decent Africian or a country postmaster to his office, while my hart whang ed agin my ribs like a old-fashioned wheat flake agin a barn floor.

Twas a carefull sile in Joon. All nater was bush, and many affer disturbed the serene silence. I sat with Betsy Jane on the fence of her farther's pasture. We'd bin rompin' throu the woods, kulin' flours & drivin' the woodchuck from his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Well, we set ther on the fence, a swingin' our feet two and fro, blokin' as red as the Baldwinsville school house when it was fast painted, and lookin' very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was skepled, & ballastin' myself on the fence, while my rite was woundid huvily round her waist.

I cleared my throat and tremblinly said—“Betsy, you're a Gassian.”

I thought that air wuz putty fine. I waited to see what effect it would have upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and said—

“You're a sheep!”

She 1—

“Betsy, I think very muchly of you.”

“I don't b'leave a word you say—so there, now, cum!” with which obsarvashun she hitched away from me.

“I wish that was winters to my Sole!” said I, “so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here,” said I, strikin' my buzum with my fist, “to b'lieve all the corn beef and turnips in the netherworld. Versorus and the Critter sin't a circumstances!”

She bowed her head down and commented chawn the string of her sun bonnet.

“Ar, could you know the sleepless nites I worry thru with on your account, how vitius has selled to be attracitive to me, & how my lime has shrunk up, you wouldn't dount me. Gase on this wastin form and these are sunken cheeks—”

I should have contineered on in this strange probly for sum time, but: unluckily I lost my balance and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearin' my close and severly damagein myself generally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin' herself up to her full hite she said—

“I won't listen to your sonnets no longer. Jes say ritte strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin' hitched, I'M IN!”

I considered that air enuf for all practical purposes, and we proceeded immejly to the parson's, and was made one that very nite.

ANECDOTE OF DR JOHN BROWN.

When John Brown, D. D., first settled in Haddington, Scotland, the people of the parish gave him a warm and enthusiastic reception; only one of the members of that large church and congregation stood out in opposition to him. The reverend Doctor tried all the means in his power to convert the solitary dissenter to the unity of feeling which pervaded the whole body, but all his efforts to obtain an interview proved abortive. As Providence directed, however, they happened one day to meet in the street, when the Doctor held out his hand, saying—

“My brother, I understand you are opposed to my settling at Haddington?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the parsoner.

“Well, and if it be a fair question, on what grounds do you object to me?”

“Because, sir,” quoth he, “I don't think you are qualified to fill so eminent a post.”

“That is my opinion,” replied the Doctor, “but what, sir, is the use of you and me setting up our opinions in opposition to a whole parish?”

The brother smiled, and their friendship was sealed forever. How very true it is that “A soft answer turns away wrath.”

NOTES BY A HORRIDLY SATIRICAL CREATURE.

Woman first resorted to tight-lacing, to prove to men how well they could bear squeezing.

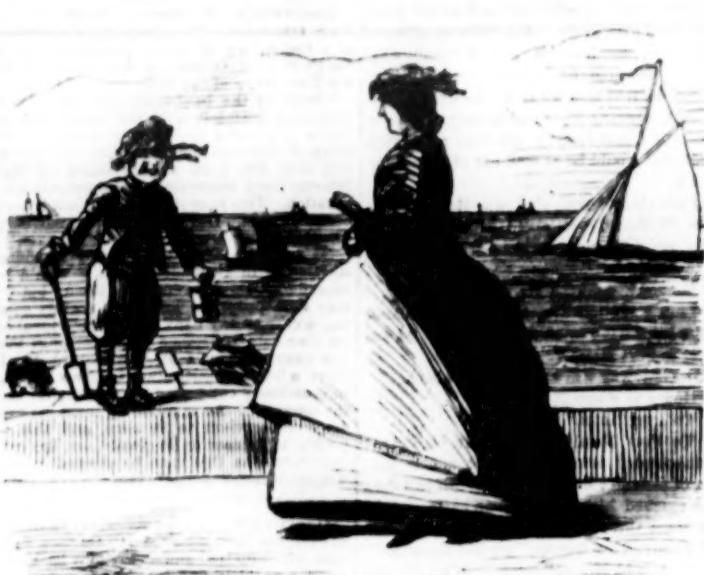
Time works wonders on the faces of Mrs. Thyvete's friends; but Time never touches Mrs. T.

How beautiful is woman when adversity frowns upon her sister. It is touching to behold the resignation with which a woman sees her best friend compelled, by circumstances, to put down the carriage, and suppress her lady's maid.

Widow Woods are easily got rid of by planting a late variety of the *orange-blossom*—perhaps better known as orange-blossom.

Love at first sight often leads to marriage with the eyes shut.

When I see a bee in the cup of an orange-blossom, he reminds me of the day when the confederates called for his bill for a certain wedding-breakfast.—London Poet.



LIFE AT THE SEA-SHORE.

CHARLEY (who is wet through for the ninth time)—“Oh, ma! we've been so jolly!—We've been filling one another's hair with sand, and making boats of our boots, and having such fun!”

SCENE ON AN EGYPTIAN RAILROAD.

At last, out of the intense white sunshine into the shadowy station comes the sluggish train, slow and sombre as any fresh puntful of ill-starred dead arriving in Hades. No buoy bell rings. There is no sign of any real guards to marshal passengers. A young man, in a bright red fez and a brighter sah than his companions opens the carriage-doors, and that is all. I see no one in my carriage but two Cairene youths, and an old imperturbable Turk in red turned-up slippers and a sweltering curly-powder-colored pelisse—a great Turk, with grizzly beard and a huge sealing-wax-looking sign-ring, mounted in silver, on the rugose fore finger of his right hand. In a wash-leather bag in the breast-pocket of his third jacket, he carries a large chased gold watch, to which he occasionally applies his tawny old eyes.

The boys are limp hump bobbledehoyas, in Greek dress, whose whole attention seems absorbed by the cotton fields we pass.

The blue gowns and bare feet, the water jugs,

and palm mats, and prayer carpets, and time,

and brass waiters, are all stowed away.

The ibises, whiter than letter-paper, wade in the creeks, the vultures whirl and posse in the sky; the crows croak under the feather umbrellas of the palms; the brown children, clothed only in sunshine, roll and play about the mudfort villages, where the pigeons veer gray and white in the shifting clouds, and where the palm trees rise in thickest cumulus; everywhere through the soft, black mud of the newly submerged Nile rises the sharp, green corn blade. All Egypt wears the prophet's favorite and sanctified color.

The Arab in the train are just getting into a social condition—for every Egyptian is by birthright courteous, affable, and gracious in manner, though he may be envious, greedy,

and slippery, having, indeed, a little too much of the newly escaped slave about him.

The Arab is a story-teller, a proverb quoted,

a creature fond of hearing poems read over his coffee, a humorist, and by no means a fool, though very ignorant and very superstitious; not the less ignorant because quick-witted, nor the less superstitious because his religion is dying out.—*All the Year Round.*

LUTHER'S WEDDING RING.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal says that Messrs. Ball, Black & Co., have at their store a genuine curiosity.—It is the wedding ring of Martin Luther. It is in a capital state of preservation—contains Luther's name in Latin—the date of the marriage, 28th of June, 1525, and the ornamental parts show the coil, the ladder, the crucifix, the mitre, and other religious emblems. It has been repaired repeatedly on the inside, and the identity of the ring is complete. Several documents are connected with it to prove that it is genuine. It belongs to one of the chaplains of Gen. Blenker's division, and it will be on exhibition for some time.

One of the boldest acts of Luther's life was his marriage. The tone of the Reformation was not then up to the marriage of the Priesthood. The alliance formed with a runaway man made the deed doubly daring. Even men who adhered to Luther's faith were startled, and said, “Of the monk and the nun surely anti-Christ will be born.” The ring by which that act was consummated has great historical value.

“SKEDADDLE.”—The Historical Magazine for the current month says that this word may be easily traced to a Greek origin, and that the original word is used by at least two great historians, in reporting the dispersion of routed armies. A correspondent of the Magazine thus speaks of skedaddle:—It is of both Swedish and Danish origin, and has been in common use for several years throughout the North West, in the vicinity of immigrants from those nations. It is Americanized only in orthography; the Swedes spelling it, “skedaddel,” while the Danes spell it, “skeddel,” both having precisely the same signification. This phrase is also becoming Indianized, at least among the Sioux, who frequently use it in place of their word “pack-a-cha,” which signifies “clear out,” “go off,” &c. I will also add that the Swedes use the word skedda, and the Danes the word skede, in the same sense as we do the word “scud.”

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The SELF-POSSESS'D ACTOR.—The late Charles Incledon was proverbial for the coolness with which he regarded the turbulence of the audience. He always listened to the “storm” with the utmost nonchalance, and occasionally addressed the noisy tenants of Olympus. One evening he was prevented from singing by a fire conflict in the most classical part of the house; and after pacing the stage for some time, “nursing his wrath to keep it warm,” he pulled his watch deliberately from his fob, and thus addressed them:—“Ladies and gentlemen, if you would contrive to finish this row in a quarter of an hour, I would esteem it as a particular favor. I'm engaged to sup with a friend at half-past eleven, and I have very little time to spare.” This good-humored rebuke had the desired effect, and the belligerent parties “grounded arms” immediately.

LOSING IN THE WHORE BOX.—A Mr. Thomas Ogden, having arrived in New York from England, went several successive mornings to the Post-office to ask for letters. Inquiring always for letters addressed to Thomas Hoggins, the postmaster invariably replied that there was none for him. But becoming at length quite impatient at these frequent disappointments, he thrust his head through the delivery window, and soon discovered the cause. “You are looking among the *Hatches*, sir,” he said to the officer within; “you should look among the *Holes*!”

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